CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY
JAN 14 1980
LIBRARY

VOL. 8
NO. 2

THE COMMUNICATOR

SPRINGHILL

MAR-APR '79

ISSN
0381-
095X

"Where EDITORIAL We're At"

SITTING IN THE EDITOR'S CHAIR OF ANY PUBLICATION CAN BE A SCARY EXPERience, no matter what kind of magazine or journal you are running. And its especially frightening if you want to be the kind of editor other people will want to work with, the kind writers will trust their work to, and an editor whose self-defined reason for being is that he believes he can help provide a forum for voices with something worth saying -- voices that will strive to help close the gap in communication that exists between freemen and prisoners, staff persons and inmates; voices not pretending they know all the answers, but people at least striving after the truth, through examination and identification of what they see and feel.

This prisoner-run magazine's aim is to educate -- yeh, that's the right word... educate. A few years ago, before I had the chance to talk to people on the outside who are in positions I had formerly assumed would mean they were, by definition, more informed than most people, I would have hesitated to use the word educate -- it sounds so pretentious. But after having spoken with hundreds of college-trained and supposedly aware individuals who know nothing whatsoever about "corrections" and what it feels like to be an inmate, a prisoner of the system, I have come to the conclusion that it is proper for those of us who do know to take the position that we are equipped to educate; and where we have a sense of responsibility for ourselves and those we share our existence with, we have a duty to do our best to seek after and explain the truth as we find it.

What I am trying to tell you is that this magazine will consciously strive to be the best penal-press publication in the country, taking a "high brow" swing at explaining why many of us feel the way we do, thereby reflecting why we act the way we do. We'll also talk about why much of what the correctional system attempts to implement is futile given the present historical context.

I say "high brow" because we have no intention of running a Flintstone's type publication. There is lots of light and entertaining reading material available to us when that's what we are looking for, but the COMMUNICATOR won't be one of them. Many of the men and boys I share my existence with are sophisticated and educated people, and I will not be asking them to talk down to anyone. We will strive to deal with issues of substance. The fact that I don't like the food here at Springhill has no meaning in it other than that I don't like prison-made food... to spend time and money telling you about why I don't like what in truth I am supposed to dislike is nothing but self-indulgence, something the COMMUNICATOR will work at avoiding. This is going to be a prison rag with a difference; the difference is that there'll be no tears... someone wants to cry the blues, let them use their airfoam pillows -- that's what they're there for.

This publication will strive to tell you things you should know -- if you're not interested in knowing what we take the time to explain... what can I say? We will tell you about experiences and situations that should have meaning for everyone who cares about his fellow human beings. We care enough about you to explain ourselves to you; we care enough to at times bare our souls to you, trying to help you understand why we and our fellow prisoners feel the way we do; we care enough to laugh at ourselves in front of you and to laugh at you, and to invite you to laugh with us -- we're all funny, you know....

Let me give you an idea of the kind of joke I want you to laugh with me about: It's about sandwiches... you know, lunches... the things we all take for granted... couple of pieces of bread here and there, maybe a little jam or peanut butter, whatever... you got the idea yet?

(Continued on Back Page)

COMMUNICATOR STAFF:

Editor & Typing: BOB EBY
Business Manager and Run-Off: GREG SCOTT
Graphics and Lay-Out: KERRY HOLLAND
Roving Sports Reporter: MIKE MOORE

!!!! CAUTION !!!!

The COMMUNICATOR is an adult publication, and as such will use language commonly used by prisoners and other adult groups. SWEAR WORDS, though, will be restricted to the FICTION SECTION so that those who are offended by the sight of FOUL LANGUAGE can avoid being exposed.

It is also true that we publish items from time to time that express views we don't agree with; however, since we are a forum for diverse opinions, and since opinions are like noses -- everybody's got one -- we will defend to the death the signing author's right to take care of himself. If you read something that provokes you, write down your feelings and send them in; otherwise, take a Bromo and forget it; or, perhaps, rethink your position and tell us about how that happened. The bottom line is: we want to read it and publish it.

No person in authority over prisoners necessarily agrees with the opinions expressed herein, although they do allow us to publish providing no staff names are used and opinions do not get passed off as facts.

THE PUBLISHING BOARD:

Willie Gibbs DIRECTOR
J.A. Davidson AD/SOC.
Arden Thurber H.S.D.
Ron Arsenault S.C.D.O.

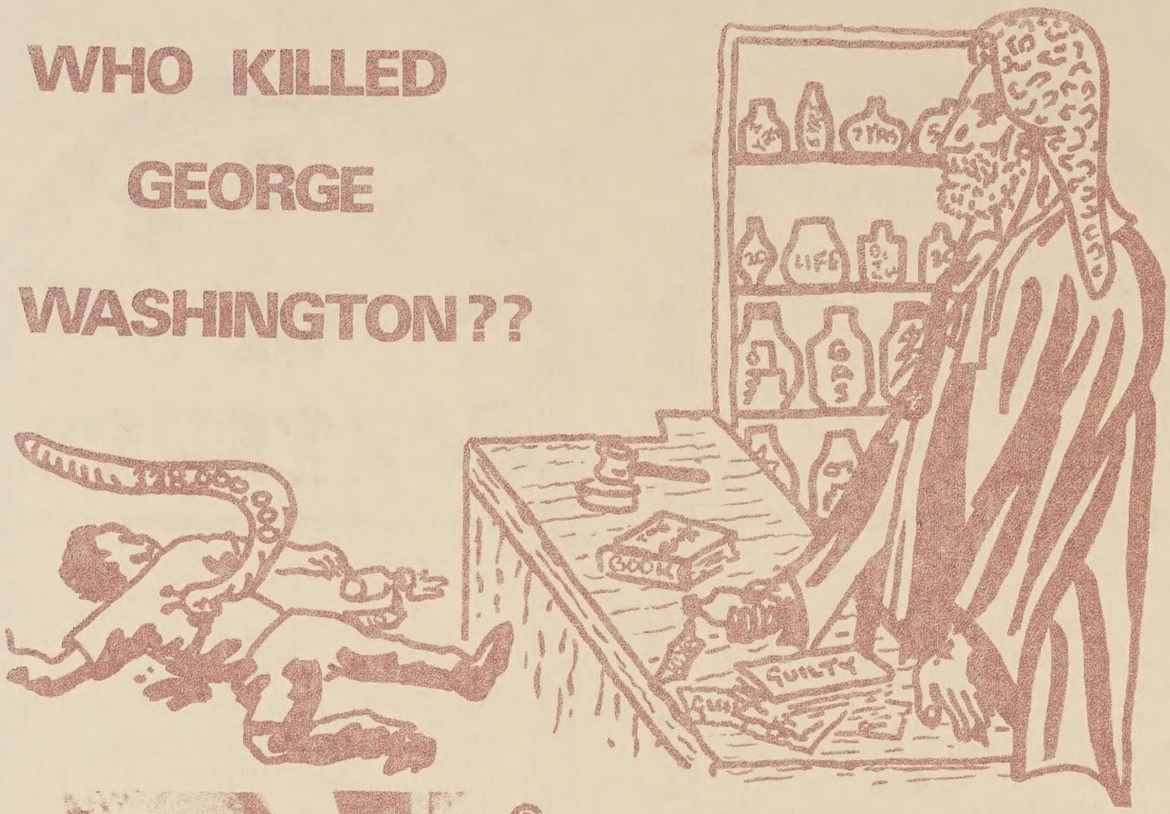
MEMBER
COSMEP
COMMITTEE OF SMALL MAGAZINE EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS
BOX 703 SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94101

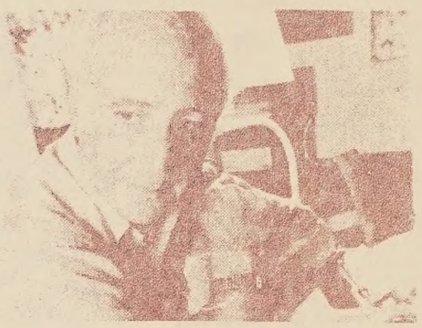
TABLE OF CONTENTS

EDITORIAL... 1
FEATURE: WHO KILLED GEORGE WASHINGTON? 3
AFTER 4 IN THE T.C.... 6
GETTING STRAIGHT... 8
LATE GREAT NUMBER EIGHT... 12
NUMBER 9 and THERAPY IS... 13
ELEVENTH HEAVEN... 14
GREETINGS, TAXPAYER... 15
A.O.Y. CONVENTION... 16
AS I SEE IT... 17
TIME: A Review... 19
THE ANTIQUE SHOP... 20
ATLANTIC CHALLENGE... 22
COMMITTEE NEWS... 23
WARNING FROM GUYANA... 24
FICTION SECTION & POETRY 26
CONTINUEDS SECTION... 42
SPORTS SECTION... 47
CLASSIFIED SECTION... 52

Except where an item is prefixed by a © symbol signifying copyright, the contents herein are free for reprinting, providing the author & the COMMUNICATOR receive recognition as the originating sources...

WHO KILLED GEORGE WASHINGTON??





©

(BEN H. BAGDIKIAN, a former editor of the WASHINGTON POST and author of the book CAGED, and co-author of THE SHAME OF PRISONS with Leon Dash, granted us permission to republish this essay through our friends at FORTUNE NEWS, our originating source. We are both honoured and pleased to present this fine piece of work to you.

ON A COLD DAY IN DECEMBER 1799, GEORGE WASHINGTON LEFT HIS HOME AT MT. Vernon for an inspection of his woods and fields. He had gone several miles on horseback when it began to rain and snow, with a bitter wind. He got home after dark, exhausted and wet. The next day he developed a guinsy throat, or what we would now call acute laryngitis. A doctor was called and immediately prescribed the standard cure, the application of leeches to suck blood from the patient. This treatment was believed to remove an excess of bad fluids contaminating the patient's system. No one questioned this treatment because it was the standard for centuries. Almost the entire medical profession accepted it as the only sensible way to strengthen the sick. George Washington did not improve. In fact, his condition worsened. So the doctors prescribed a second bleeding and more leeches were attached. Washington became weaker. The doctors drained blood a third time. The patient having failed to respond it seemed clear to the assembled physicians that more drastic action was needed and they withdrew a fourth and larger amount of blood. On the second day George Washington died. His dying words were:

"I pray you take no more trouble about me. Let me go quietly. I cannot last long."

Modern analysts of Washington's death say it was not caused by acute laryngitis. It is now believed that he died from loss of blood. That is, he died from the treatment, not from the ailment itself.

I would like to suggest to those legislators, criminologists, prison keepers and other practitioners in the criminal justice system who insist on applying to crime the medicine of centuries -- namely ever harsher imprisonment -- "I pray you to take no more trouble." I would suggest that their conventional wisdom of prolonged imprisonment where applied to the generality of criminal offenders not only does not work but deepens the pathology that society now suffers from crime and violence. Like the doctors who probably killed George Washington, our prison people do it mostly out of a conviction that they are doing the right thing. Like Washington's doctors, they greet obvious failure of their treatment by insisting that the answer is to increase the medicine. But like the physicians at Mount Vernon, they are contributing to the problem, not only by applying ever more quantities of the wrong medicine but by distracting attention from more rational remedies.

I have started with an anology and since analogies are dangerous, let me state who I think are the victims of the infection of crime.

The primary victim is the Ameri-

can society itself. It suffers from a level of crime and violence that is astonishing for a rich and supposedly civilized state. It suffers from the psychological impact of this crime and violence, namely a fear of crime that changes how we conduct our lives, where we live, the nature of our homes and our attitudes toward other human beings. Beyond the losses of life and humanistic values there are material costs in stolen and destroyed belongings, in taxation to investigate, prosecute, try and imprison criminals. So the primary loss is to us, the punishers. We worsen the social pathology of crime and violence. In the process we further distort criminals so that whatever the length of their incarceration, they emerge more dangerous and violent than when they first entered prison.

Those who insist on applying the medicine of prolonged imprisonment do so, usually, with the confident assertion that they are simply being realistic. They are, they feel, the people willing to face tough problems with an appropriately tough response. They tend to characterize anyone who questions the effectiveness of what they do as sentimentalists at best, and soft on crime at worst. These are the tough guys -- the criminal justice practitioners and the politicians who persuade the public that the way to reduce crime is to impose and expand the death sentence, to build more prisons, to lengthen sentences. These are tough guys but it is these tough guys who are soft on crime because their policies are proven failures and their responses through the ages --to increase the medicine -- has always produced a deepening of the illness. They are the sentimentalists. They are the irrational ones unwilling to face reality.

No rational person denies that crime is a grave problem in our society. We support huge establishments to prosecute and physically contain it. We spend billions to maintain this system and plan additional billions to expand the system.

And yet, as supposedly rational people we do this without ever having tested some of our basic assumptions. We have never decided why we impose imprisonment and death on those convicted of crime.

Do we imprison to reform or rehabilitate the prisoner with the expectation that he will then emerge as a law-abiding and productive citizen? We know that does not happen. In the mass of questionable data about prisons we do know that prisoners emerge more dangerous with each additional incarceration and go on to commit more crimes.

Do we do it to prevent the individual criminal from committing crimes while in prison? That, clearly, does work. It works, that is, while the person is in prison. But statistics show that the more a person is imprisoned and the longer the sentence, more crimes and worse crimes will be committed afterward. So we ask, logically, if we are being deluded by obtaining temporary suspension of crime by that particular prisoner but at the price of worse crimes when that prisoner is released? And when you look at entire cohorts of prisoners, we know that statistically we are increasing the amount of violence and crime-prone persons, even though the individuals going through the imprisonment process are momentarily kept from harming us. Young criminals go in as car thieves and come out as drug addicts and robbers. We are safer only as they go through this expensive, morbid training.

Do we imprison in order to deter the convict and others who might be considering crime?

If longer prison sentences deter crime, the statistics don't show it. The United States imprisons its offenders at a higher rate than any other developed country. For every 100,000 Americans, there are 230 who have been imprisoned. The Netherlands, for example imprisons 18 persons per 100,000 population. And we still have more crime per capita.

American prisoners serve the longest sentences in the Western World. In Sweden, for example, 90 percent of prisoners serve less than one year in penitentiaries. In the United States only 2 percent serve less than one year.

Presumably, if longer sentences had a definite impact on deterring crime, it would show in the statistics. But the data are so overwhelming that at the very least we

should have doubts about deterrence. In 1945 the average sentence imposed on federal prisoners was 16 and 1/2 months. In 1975 the average sentence had increased to 45 and 1/2 months. While we were increasing the severity of our sentences almost three times the rate of crime rose ten times.

Do we imprison out of sympathy for the victim and to assure the victim that the state will insure that justice is done?

This undoubtedly has a real effect in discouraging private revenge and vigilantism. That is important. But how can we say that we are serious about helping victims of crime when we do so little for them? We jail and imprison many offenders who are not physical threats to society but are guilty of non-assaultive crimes. Two-thirds of persons in jail are there for physically non-dangerous crimes. Two-thirds of federal prisoners are incarcerated for crimes that are not physically threatening. If we are so solicitous of the victims of these offenders, and if we know that prolonged imprisonment turns convicts into more dangerous persons, why do we not keep the non-assaultive convict in the community, working at a job, and committed to paying back the victim the cost of medical and other treatment and the replacement of stolen property? Does this not make more sense for the psychological integrity of the offender, for the victim, and for society as a whole?

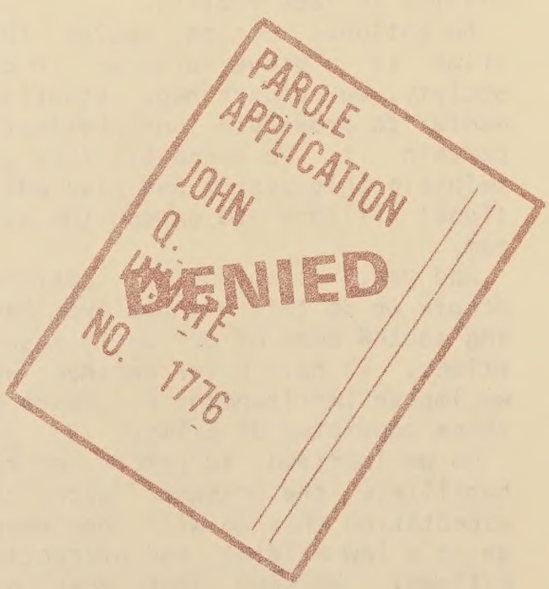
The data on repeated crime, or recidivism, are, like all criminal justice statistics, slippery and usually unscientific. Usually they are not carefully gathered. There is an appalling lack of follow-up studies to see what happens to offenders who have had different kinds of punishments. And the data are frequently manipulated for whatever serves a political purpose. We know that the FBI and police officials can pre-arrange the basis for most national data. We know that politicians in office who promised reduced crime, juggle the figures to show reduced crime. But if they are out of office and want to get in, they juggle the same figures to show rising crime and that they can be tougher.

But some studies are better than others. Andrew Hopkins in the Journal of Research in Crime and delinquency for January 1976 studied two sets of persons convicted of felonies. Because of the wide differences in sentences given offenders under the same circumstances it is possible to find two groups that match each other in the type of crime committed, age, education and other characteristics of the criminal, and whether it is a first, second or other multiple offense. When these two groups were matched, the ones who were placed on probation -- who did not go to prison -- had less repeated crime than did the ones who went to prison. The weight of the evidence in all these data continues to be that imprisonment does not deter repeated crime.

If imprisonment does not deter crime then does this not cast doubt on the present underlying assumption that the basic cause of crime is solely an individual breakdown in conscience unrelated to public morality? The notion that supports the death sentence, and prison-building, and longer sentences is that while society as a whole is blameless, the individual offender has either become sick or evil in some particularized, random way.

The failure to face the question of the cause of crime is basic to our failure to reduce crime.

I do not underestimate the prevalence of crime. Our streets are unsafe, though not so unsafe as people think. But they are far too dangerous for a society that calls itself civilized and for the number of citizens who are physically and psychologically damaged by violence. I do not criticize the death penalty and prison-building and lengthening sentences out of callousness for the victims of crime -- a distressing number of personal friends being among them. It is precisely because I see crime as serious and threatening that I think we must change our analysis and treatment of it.



continued on page 36...

AFTER 4 IN THE T.C.

by bob eby

This short piece is intended as a cameo look at one guy's first four days in the THERAPEUTIC COMMUNITY. It is not meant to be anything more than just a casual glance -- a peek inside a unit that for too long has kept its workings to itself. This will be the first of a series on NUMBER TEN -- one of two or three Therapeutic Communities operating in the country.

DAY ONE: THE THERAPEUTIC COMMUNITY, UNIT NUMBER TEN, SEEMS BRIGHTER AND cleaner; more quiet, easygoing funning going on among the guys. Staff are much less visible and uptight about what the guys are doing -- seems to be a more trusting situation....

EVENING ONE: Sitting in my cell, with the radio turned off (for the first time since I've been in this prison, because having a radio continuously on helps kill the noise that comes from out in the halls, from other people's radios and the unit in general) I enjoy "listening" to the quiet. It gives me a feeling of being alone, but alone in a good sense rather than lonely, and I sink into it, enjoying the novelty.... My bed faces differently in the new cell (Yeh, I'm affected by such trivia -- being a "sensitive, creative type and all that") and I have trouble getting to sleep. The "trouble" though isn't even the same as it would be back in the other units, because I can just lie here and enjoy the silence -- or, if I choose to (because cells are left unlocked 24 hours a day in the T.C.) I can get up and walk out into the hall and have a cup of hot chocolate, or trip down to the t.v. and watch a bit, or whatever. There is a very distinct difference in the "feel" of the unit -- much less uptightness, much less noise and a whole lot less nastiness among the guys and staff....

DAY TWO: My first Unit Meeting (one of three every week) was like an enlarged and livelier Range Meeting in the other units; the 3/4 hour discussion revolved around the purchasing of a television set. I didn't see anything all that wrong in wanting to buy the new toy; it was just that the time and energy it took to arrive at where we were going anyway didn't seem worth the effort. But, of course,it is if you are into having people practice committee approaches to things; and it is improper to see these meetings as any different than any committee meeting anywhere in the world, including a top executive board meeting at I.T.& T. or the C.I.A. or whatever. Why should prisoners be expected to be any more effective than anyone else -- ever watch what goes on in the House of Commons?

SECOND EVENING: It was pleasant to be able to sit in the t.v. room until 1:30 a.m., just blanking out on the tube, not giving a shit what's showing -- only shit anyway -- and just sinking into the feeling (even though it's self-deception personified) that I have a choice. Sure I can go to my cell and read, jack-off, or whatever, but I can't really choose to do something that I would really enjoy; I mean, just get right into and feel joy for being there doing it. But, nevertheless, the sense of relative freedom does have a healthy, pleasant feel to it... a sense of being "all growed up" and able to control at least some aspect of my life....

Still didn't sleep very soundly;did a lot of reading and just sitting looking out the window, with my light and radio turned off, listening to the quiet....

THIRD DAY: The guys in the unit go out of their way to meet you, to come to your attention, to greet you. No rattling of chains or tugging on coats; just a more pleasant, "What d' ya think of the unit?" or "Little better here, eh!" and so on. I find it more natural meetings guys in this unit than I did in the other one. Many of the guys I talk with are concerned about the unit's image. They say things like, "Lotta guys in the joint don't like us in Ten" and suggest that I shouldn't be bothered by disparaging remarks made about the unit. I find it slightly amusing that anyone would think I'd feel it proper to be defending what is, in effect, another part of a prison; but, when you see how friendly most people are towards one another in the unit and how relaxed the unit is, it is more understandable.

Missed most of the unit meeting my third day in the unit; I forgot! Only caught the last twenty minutes or so. One of the older guys was "defending" himself against Doctor Ryan -- I say defending because the style of

the prisoner was to forcefully attack his opponent, and the doctor and he were debating, parrying for weaknesses in the other's argument. The prisoner was having trouble with Doctor Ryan because Ryan wouldn't allow himself to be drawn into where the prisoner wanted him to go. After a surprisingly heated discussion, Ryan said, "But..., that's the wonderful thing about the Therapeutic Community;you and I can be angry and yelling at one another one minute and after its over we can go back to being the best of friends." I couldn't help thinking that he was making a little too much of the "friends" part -- considering that he is a sixty or seventy or better thousand dollar-a-year man. I also found it interesting that the prisoner, being someone I've known for a number of years, would be silly enough to fence with a person who has so much authority over him; when asked about this later on, he said, "Hey, man, that's the way it is! You can get into it here and nobody's gonna come onto you about it. Things is more honest...."

THIRD EVENING: Watching the hockey games in their entirety is a pleasant happening. So is the friendly kidding that goes on between the guys -- some of whom were "after" one another at the meeting earlier in the day. There is none of the tenseness of the other units here....

FOURTH DAY: A general preoccupation that goes on in the unit is that people spend a lot of time talking about the gestalt, or health, of the unit, and talking about self-improvement and things like that. To my surprise, there is a marked improvement in a lot of guys' attitudes about themselves after they've been in the unit for a while. I remind myself to keep an eye out for why that is, maybe to try explaining it to myself....

The Unit Meeting hinged around a young prisoner having trouble in coping with staff, other guys and life in general. I don't know the youngster they are talking about but I've noticed him around the joint and agree that he's in trouble. There were concerns expressed that were obviously brownie-point digging, but I was also impressed with the degree and amount of real concern expressed on the kid's behalf. Some guys got into using social worker jargon but there were many that didn't, and they were very articulate, very understanding and less naive sounding. Usually, the social worker language covers for a less than truthful concern.... One fellow keeps wanting to turn the youngster over to the shrinks, almost as though they have some box of secret answers that will heal all. I have a little trouble biting my tongue but it gets easier when I see how status-quo oriented some of these guys are. Interestingly enough, they are the same ones using the social worker jargon.... My overall impression is that many of the guys would like to help but, of course, don't know how to go about it (and neither do I), and they don't want to center themselves out as targets. I was interested to note that not one of the guys asked the most important questions of all -- at least not at the first meeting the youngster's case was brought up: Has the kid asked to be helped? Does he perceive that he even needs it? And, how come we are discussing this matter without the kid having asked for our help, unless it is a fact that we are really just working out our own things at expense to this kid's name and situation. It strikes me that this is a complicated situation, but it is more complicated because of the degree of "holding back" or deviousness that is being put into camouflaging motives -- which is what most committee situations and politics is all about, and just another way of saying, "Life goes on...."

The cells being open 24 hours a day is a major factor as to why staff and the guys get along so well -- the staff don't have to feel and act like jailors, and the guys respond in kind. And this is the only place in the institution where weekends feel any different from the rest of the week; sitting up till 3 a.m. Saturday morning makes it feel like a week has ended, and leaves you feeling like your time is your own. All the units should be open 24 hours a day on weekends -- or, at least, until 2 or 3 a.m.

A notion I had that probably explains some of the basic differences between this unit and the others is that everyone, both staff and prisoners, are living and working in the Therapeutic Community on a voluntary basis. Everyone had to ask to come to this unit, and this fact probably,whether people are aware of it or not, plays some part in the degree of amelioration, or relaxed atmosphere, between staff and prisoners. The staff, too, had to volunteer to work in the T.C. and are expected, as part of their job description, to participate more one-to-one with the guys. Where else in the institution can somone say, "Well, if you don't like it in the unit,you can bugger off!"?

GETTING STRAIGHT

"GETTING STRAIGHT" will appear in each issue. The basic theme of each item will be attempts at looking at old notions in new ways; in other words, challenging basic values --working at getting it straight.

I WAS A ROBOT

by Ernest Mann (a.k.a. Larry F. Johnson, ex-Real Estate Broker, Mpls.)

I VAGUELY REMEMBER A SCIENCE FICTION MOVIE OF "FLASH GORDON" BACK IN THE 30's which showed all of the workers in some city moving around like robots. The hero tried to talk with them but they didn't pay any attention. He then noticed that all of the workers were wearing the same kind of helmets. He took off one worker's helmet. The worker seemed to come out of a trance and told our hero that while they wore the helmets they were literally slaves and had to do whatever they were told by their masters.

INTAKE TIME

In my intake time I watched TV, listened to the radio, went to movies, listened to records, background music and tapes, glanced at billboards, read magazines and newspapers. During this time I usually also took one or more of the consciousness altering drugs. These addictive drugs included nicotine, caffein, alcohol and sugar. The drugs may have made me more susceptible to the programming that I was receiving.

MY PROGRAMMING

My programming was achieved by many methods. First of all remember that most of the mass media is owned or controlled by big money people. They not only use the old methods of slanting, falsifying, exaggerating, omitting, monkey-see-monkey-do, loaded words, hypnotic music, etc., but are also now using many new subliminal methods of implanting ideas, opinions, fears and desires into our conscious and subconscious minds without our being aware of it. (See Subliminal Seduction by Wilson Bryan Key, Signet) They were able to program me almost as effectively as computors are programmed.

DEPENDENCY

I was dependent on these various programming medias for my entertainment. I thought I actually enjoyed the movies, TV, radio, etc., that I was being programmed with. I thought I enjoyed the drugs that I was dependent on. I had lost or never learned the art of entertaining myself. I was a human robot. I allowed others to do my thinking for me. I had very little self confidence in my ability to figure things out for myself. So I pretty much just did what was expected of me.

MERRY-GO-AROUND

I was 10 years a salesman and 10 years in business. During most of that time I went blindly around that old merry-go-around of working, spending and trying to pay my bills by the 10th. There were times I couldn't pay on the 10th and I would try to borrow money from the bank to pay bills. Ha! I sorted the bills and payed only the most imminent and stalled the rest. One big bummer! Who has time to do any important thinking about life, pollution, wars, etc. at a time like that? My thinking was totally occupied with finding a way to make a buck.

A RUT

I went painfully around and around that wheel (endless rut) every month, always trying to get a little ahead of the game. It was not unlike a grave with both ends kicked out, like a robot programmed to work, spend and pay. I didn't like it one bit but I didn't know how to get my helmet off.

BACKGROUND MUSIC

I think that I might like background music if I was not trying to talk or think, that is, providing I was sure that there was no programming in it.

T.V. KICKOUT

Somewhere along the line I got mad at my TV addiction and gave my set away. It was almost impossible for me to turn the damned thing off until the program was over or until I was exhausted. I'm now happy that I did this especially since I've learned about the subliminals they are bombarding TV watchers with. I don't need it. My subconscious must have told me to get rid of it. I rarely take in any of the other news media or movies any more either. This leaves mé with time and inclination to do some thinking for myself. In fact I would not dream of even voting for anyone to represent me and make laws for me anymore.

IN BUSINESS

I was taught in business college the rule, "Charge all the traffic will bear," that I must make a profit and the more the better. At that time it sounded logical, so I went into business. It seemed quite natural to follow that old rule, so I did. I didn't stop to realize that everyone else would be using that same rule on me too. That for everything I would buy there would be someone trying to get all they could out of me. (This kind of economics makes a fertile ground for trusts, monopolies and cartels. So them with the most, make the most.)

I didn't worry about the people whom I sold to. I didn't give a second thought to the workers in foreign countries who made only a few cents a day on the imported products that I bought or sold, until I visited some of those countries recently. Then I saw some of their living and working conditions. It made me start to think. Then I realized that workers in this country are exploited too, only on a different level and more subtly.

My belief that everyone here had freedom of choice of work fell apart. I could see that most of us were doing work that we didn't like. Because we needed the money to pay the rent, food bills, etc., we had to take work at any place that was hiring, whether we liked the job or not.

I rarely questioned whether the manufacturer of what I was selling or buying, was polluting my drinking water supply, my fresh air supply or my food supply. I trusted government to protect those supplies for me. I trusted my city sewer disposal and my city water purification departments. It never once occured to me that if we didn't pollute our water supply we wouldn't need the purification department. I trusted my city government many years ago when they said it was hazardous to health to put human waste on crop lands. I had forgotten the fact that my dad always put our human waste on our crop land. I forgot that I had seen the Japanese farmers do this 30 years ago.

SCREWED UP

We have been making great technical advances. We have developed fabulous new techniques, alloys, compounds and methods that give products more strength, durability and all kinds of wonderful new qualities. But they sell us products that are always breaking down, wearing out and polluting more. e.g. Cars won't start, they rust out and fall apart, toys break and the postage stamps don't stick. We have wonderful mass production machines and tremendous crop yield seed varieties and excellent irrigation facilities, yet we are often told that there are shortages just before severe price increases, e.g., meat, sugar, oil and coffee. Prisons don't rehabilitate or cut down crime. They say there are crimes even when there is no victim. Laws are written by the big money people to protect big money. Governments spend money like it was water. Money saving devices are kept off the market. Laws are written to keep the little man down.

NIGHTMARE

My first reaction to my study of the overall picture was that things are sure screwed up, all backwards and muddled up,a regular nightmare. But on closer examination I decided that this is the natural trend that must take place under the present world-wide economic system. (The "Pay System," take pay for work and sell the product.)

MULTINATIONALS

I understand that corporate trust agreements have given way to large corporate conglomerates which more easily corner national markets. These conglomerates have or are evolving into multinational conglomerates that are cornering the world markets. If we continue to use the present economic system the multinationals will probably be cornering one market after another. Soon there may be no work or product that will not be under the direct or indirect control of the multinationals. This leaves me at their mercy. (Are corporations merciful?) I'll have to pay their prices and take whatever profit or wages that they allow. This doesn't give me very good feelings.

I WENT ALONG

Why did I allow these things to happen? First of all I wasn't aware of much of the BS that was going on. Second, when I became aware I tried the usual things, e.g.,writing to my congressmen/women, to the President and finally I worked in the Republican Party. All to no avail. Third, why didn't I drop out and stop participating in the consuming, polluting, exploiting and depleting of resources? Well, I thought I needed the income to pay for my shelter, food, clothing, auto payments, business load payments, taxes, insurance, upkeep, entertainment, medical, vacation, etc. How could I have said "No!" to a boss or to a client and take the risk of losing everything I had? It seemed like I had no viable alternative. Fourth, I mulled over all these thoughts for some time before I decided on a partial way out. (I think this might be the point where many people have a nervous breakdown if they don't see a way out of the mess. Then they go to a shrink and he/she tries to "fix them" so that they can get back into the old rat race and run again. What a bummer!)

DROP OUT

After about 20 years in the race I was starting to get ahead a little. I decided to get out of the race and sold everything I had when I was 42. Decided to take a few years off. Figured I had learned how to make money and could do it again if I ever had to. I have been learning, growing and enjoying so much in the last 8 years that I doubt if I'll ever go back into the rat race. (Actually I'm still a little bit in it as I still own a four-plex and two contracts for deeds that I get money from, but they don't demand much of my time.)

SAVE MONEY

Since I have stopped taking in the programming I can walk through any of the big stores and never get a desire to buy any of their stuff. What little I need I buy at rummage sales for just a few cents. I have no idea what's in style any more, and care less. Of course I can't buy second hand food but I'm eating more of the cheaper and more basic foods. I got rid of my car because it was always eating money and taking up a lot of my time. I now live close to where I do my thing so I walk most of the time or bus to farther places. I don't spend much money so my small income is sufficient for everything that I desire.

FREE TIME AND PURPOSE

Not spending much money means not needing to spend much time earning money. This gives me lots of free time to look, listen, smell, feel, taste, think and reason. Sometimes I feel like writing and I do. I don't know if anyone will understand what I'm saying but it feels good to write it anyway. I have discovered a purpose for my life and it feels right and good for now. Eight years ago when I dropped out, I asked myself, "What is the highest and best use that I can put my mind, heart and body to? What kind of work needs to be done the most? What can I do that will be for my own best good over the long haul?" My decision was to try to discover or design a more perfect system of living together on this planet. I derive much happiness from my purpose (my work). I work for free and I'm my own boss. I can quit anytime and go back to work anytime. I do my work as I see fit. I don't give a damn if my paper sells because I give it away. Ha. Ha. If my ideas for freedom are valid I expect people may use them. If the seeds that I plant are fertile, I trust that they will grow, that some aware people will water them and cultivate them. If this happens we will all share in the harvest.

BIG MONEY PEOPLE

My guess is that the big money people who order the mind programming are in a dilemma themselves. They seem to be in a competitive game with each other. It's like they have ahold of the chain that holds a vicious bulldog (Power) and if they let go someone else will grab it and go after them with it. So they don't dare let go of their power.

They seem to be working together now. Big money is going strong in Agrobusiness. They are buying up land like it is going out of style. They already seem to have a corner on the market in meat, sugar, coffee and oil. Whenever a commodity doubles in price overnight you can be pretty sure that they have cornered that too. It is inevitable that they will continue the game until they can set all prices whenever they wish and the same with wages. What freedom will this leave for me? If I wait until they try to make change it will probably be too late. Most people will by then be so thoroughly programmed (brainwashed)that they will believe that, "Everything that happens is for the best."

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Mann is the publisher of the LITTLE FREE PRESS of Minneapolis, Minnesota and this article is reprinted with his kind permission. He also offers it free to anyone else who might want it.

JAMES GOGAN

for over three generations

WE BELIEVE IN COMMUNITY

phone 597-3703 Spring Valley, Minn.

WHOLESALE LTD

THE LATE GREAT UNIT EIGHT

by kerry holland

HO-HUM... ANOTHER EXCITING UNIT REport from good old UNIT EIGHT.

I've been in NUMBER 9 and 10 units, and I've never found much to say about those Houses of Ill Repute, so I'll be leaving lots to your imagination as I stumble through this one.

Uh-huh... A game of water polo was on a while back. Both sides received a bath before the game was called on account of rain (or was it flood damage?).

In Spurts... "B" LEAGUE in our unit has spiit into two teams; the regular NUMBER EIGHT team and the NUMBER EIGHT ROVERS. Both will be out to bring the bone back to the unit, while the other teams question the legality of having two teams from the same unit. Score so far? One team is winning more than it's losing and one is losing more than it's winning. Don't ask me which? I've only been here a month and don't know anybody yet.

NUMBER EIGHT'S "A" league team is probably cruising along fine,but as I don't go over and watch very often, who knows? (MIKE MOORE is the one to read if you're really interested.)

Yawn... Oh yeah, Canteen was on time as usual. (That's scraping the bottom of the barrel for interesting and exciting things to talk about.)

THE GRADING BORED... Some went up, some went down, and some like me didn't go anywhere....

Oh God... Let's see, oh yeah, there is a cell thief loose in the unit. It seems a lot of us are missing things, especially on "F" range. The best thing I can say is, lock your cell doors and keep your eyes open; maybe we can trap the rodent.

Well, well... I'm running out of space, so I'll bid you a cheery ho-hum until next time I run into you in a tavern.

P.S. By the way,as of this printing my night-light is still not fixed. I know the good officers in NUMBER EIGHT LIVING UNIT are not lazy,so I'll just put it down to overslight and hope this ghastly situation is rectified soon.

P.P.S. If it is, please disregard the above post script.

Ho-hum....

MARGOLIANS
maritimes limited
AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA
department stores
Mens & Boys Wear
Jogging Suits T-Shirts
Wallabee Shoes

NUMBER 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9

by jim sellars

EXCEPT FOR A RECENT CAMPAIGN OF promise breaking, things seem to be running smoothly in NUMBER NINE. The problem, you see, revolves around wooden articles of furniture that guys have collected over the years to make things more comfortable in their cells. Not too long ago we were all told that these wooden pieces would have to go. A couple of days later, we were told that when the industrial shops had completed the manufacture of metal replacement shelves, we would have to give up the wooden stuff. Well, a couple of weeks later everybody got caught with their pants down in a lightning strike which saw almost every piece of wood removed. Tempers ran high for a couple of days as there were no replacement shelves and most of the stuff was dumped on beds, floors and desks. Before everyone had a chance to recover from the Gestapo tactics, a unit meeting was called and all hands were asked to continue the show of support and cooperation already demonstrated in the life and times of NUMBER NINE.

On the brighter side, we had a T-shirt sale which did quite well. All the staff who made this possible are thanked for their efforts, especially DAVE (Ace) MATTHEWS who coordinated the whole show. We also wish to thank the guys who supported that sale by buying stuff. We're almost out of the red now with our unit fund.

BACKGAMMON is now organized. Contact ENDA DAVIS in NUMBER TEN and JOHN WHALEN in NUMBER NINE for the upcoming Tournament of Champions. The reason this event gets a mention in this column is that the whole idea came from NUMBER NINE'S J.E. SELLARS. All good things seem to come from NUMBER NINE. Why is that?

UNIT T.A.'S have been an unqualified success. SWIMMING anyone? Or how about goin' FISHIN'? Game of SLOW-PITCH, anyone? The current favorite is the proposed trip to the BURTON CUMMINGS and TISA dal BELLO CONCERT.

In the unit sports scene -- not too bad either. Both our "A" and "B" teams win once in a while, so no room for complaint there.

Signing off from the palacial suite, your story teller...

GANDALF

Therapy is . . . TEN

by lard jerg

WHEW... DID THE ADMINISTRATION EVER drop a load on us here in UNIT TEN recently. The only prison THERAPEUTIC COMMUNITY in Canada, perhaps in the world, is doomed for closure; at least temporarily. Economic factors are once again overpowering the human element, and as a result, the Theraputes are soon to be locked up with the rest of the joint.

Although freedom of movement was one of the big attractions here, the fact that we will be locked up at night will not mean the end of the entire T.C. concept. Indeed, everyone here is enthusiastic about hanging on to the T.C. idea in spite of the (temporary?) closure.

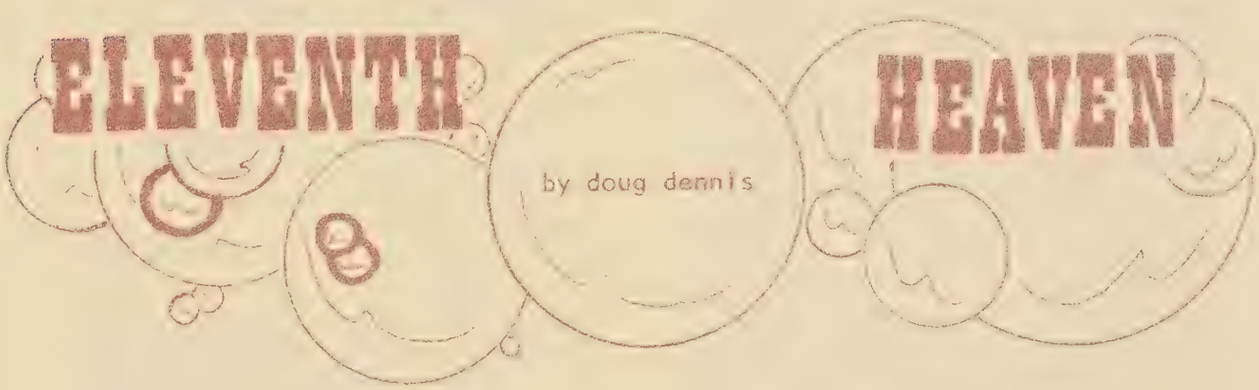
As I write this article a meeting is scheduled between the unit and Mr. DAVIDSON, the HEAD OF SOCIALIZ-

ATION, in the near future, to discuss the recent move. We have a great fear that this may be the beginning of the end of the T.C. and we are planning a unified struggle to see that this does not happen. There is still a good list of applicants to get into UNIT TEN which shows that a lot of people still hold some hope for its survival, even if the Administration is seemingly not keen on the idea. It would do us well to have the support of the other units in our struggle in this regard.

Well, enough of politics -- On another note we are happy to see that our long-time Canteen Operator, DOUG KENT, has retired from that position to take up a job on the street. He has passed over the reins to RAINEY McPHERSON, who we are sure will be able to fill those big boots left behind by DOUG. Doug's leaving also vacates the position of Purchasing Agent. That position, too, was filled by a Therapute, MIKE MOORE, who we are sure is only too glad to serve the population in any way he can. I'd like as well to take this opportunity to wish DOUG KENT every success in his new job.

On the SPORTS SCENE--Both our softball teams have finally managed to get off the ground. The "B" team is flying low, sporting 500 ball, while the "A" team is ready to crash any minute. One thing about the "A" team, they are consistent; they havn't won a game yet. We brought in a few new guys from the farm clubs, like GERRY COCHRANE and DAVE CLEVELAND. We're sure that coach, LLOYD "Scotty" CLARK will have acquired a competitive team by the end of the season. I recall a challenge from the staff some time ago to take on a unit team sometime this summer in Springhill. Our new T.L.A. coordinator, MICKEY ISAAC, will probably be working on that in the near future.

In spite of our present difficulty with administration, the old T.C. keeps rolling merrily along, and right now I think that is what I'll do. So, as my dear old mother used to say before retiring after a hard day's work -- Good Night!



GREETINGS, BROTHERS OF THE GREEN. Once again I have broken my meditation to bring you words of enlightenment.

Actually, there is little to relate concerning the activities of our cherubs in ELEVENTH HEAVEN. A few were de-haloed and banished to the purgatory of "6" to ponder on the error of their ways; one lamb who had strayed afar has been returned to the flock.

Descriptions of the gladitorial events taking place on the ball field I shall leave to those more eminently qualified than myself. One must take note though of a particular angelic player who is said to be a chubby little papoose container of transmission parts.

Methinks I will devote most of my transcript to those who have been appointed our Guardians of . . . Truth(?). Our Head Guardian was presented with a T-shirt depicting two small beasties astride a two-wheeled motorized chariot proclaiming Rodent Power. Could there be a hidden message in this seemingly affectionate gesture? He has also lately celebrated his 44th year upon this earth; as everyone knows, a 44 makes a lot of noise and can do a great deal of damage.

One of our more religious Guardians was seen to make threatening gestures towards one of our green-clad cherubs. After all the time spent on the porcelain throne reading his good book, does he not know that retribution is not his to mete out; but that, "Vengeance is mine, saith the L.U.^{2}"?

This scribe has been examining the undoubtedly heathenish religious

rites of our Guardians; particularly on the night watch. They congregate around a table upon which rests a small wooden altar filled with many holes. Each devotee stares intently at rectangular pieces of cardboard enscribed with mystical symbols. Now and then, one will give a joyous shout and begin moving a tiny peg up and down the altar, chanting in a feverish voice, "15 two, 15 four, and a pair makes 6." Woe betide the innocent green-clad cherub who dares interrupt this period of devotion. As the hour of 2300 approaches, a strange transformation takes place among our Guardians: eyes become glazed, beads of sweat break out upon clammy brows, tongues dart out to moisten dry lips, hands semi-clench as if holding unseen objects. When the bell tolls the magical hour a mad dash to the parking lot ensues. There tortured engines are revved to their limits, screaming tires are peeled as the devotees rush to pay nightly homage to their idolatrous gods in their place of worship known as the Temple of the Legion.

Thus endeth the lesson for this issue.

This is also my final contribution to this worthy tablet of knowledge. Shortly, I shall be transferred to the "Great Outside" to test my ability at survival after participating fully in our "Leaders' Program of . . . Rehabilitation(?)."

Keep the faith, Brothers, my thoughts will be ever with you.

GREETINGS, TAXPAYER

by doug todd
Millhaven Pen

I'M AFRAID I HAVE SOME BAD NEWS for you. You're going to have to tighten your belts a little and dig into the old nest egg. You see, several other prisoners and I across Canada will soon be leaving prison on Mandatory Supervision and you're going to have to pitch in and help pay to bring us back.

As for myself, I haven't really decided yet on where I'm going. I'm torn between the Gulf Coast of America and the northern area of South America. Don't worry, though, when I arrive at my destination, I'll notify the Parole Service. They, in turn, will notify you, probably in the form of a large tax increase.

Years ago, up until 1969, a prisoner would serve two-thirds of his sentence and be released, that is, if he hadn't lost any of his good time (remission). A prisoner could, however, do one-third of his sentence and spend the remaining two-thirds on parole if he got lucky. And, if he obeyed the rules and became a good, tax-paying citizen, he would not be returned to the penitentiary.

Nowadays, the vast majority of prisoners serve two-thirds of their sentences and, instead of being released, spend the remaining third of their sentence on Mandatory Supervision -- meaning that any remission they earned they now have to spend on conditional release.

I cannot speak for all prisoners but roughly 90% of those I have spoken to feel the same way I do. The government isn't giving us anything. They are compelled to release us on Mandatory Supervision. Any good time earned is now spent under strict supervision. I haven't the slightest qualm about violating it and am not the least inclined to honour it.

People like facts. They like hard unassailable, unquestionable facts. Here are some to ponder: parole peronnel (supervisors, parole board, etc) has doubled and the cost of maintaining parolees has risen from slightly over 8 million dollars to over 33 million for 1979-80. Paroles, other than Mandatory Supervision, have decreased from 60% of those applying to 30%.

Guess who is paying for those increases? The Russians aren't going to shell out any kopecks to alleviate conditions, nor do the Japanese have any yen (if you'll pardon the pun) to alter the situation here. They don't have the problem. No, dear taxpayer, I'm afraid it's up to you. I hate to add to your burden, but....

While writing this article, a thought occurred to me: if I decide to go to Australia on my Mandatory Supervision, would the good people of Canada fly me back on a giant jet or would a leisurely ocean cruise be more in order? You diligent taxpayers figure out the cheapest way to return me. Naturally, I'll abide by your decision.

* * *

A.O.Y. CONVENTION 1979

by kerry holland

THE ACCENT ON YOUTH CONVENTION GOT off to a successful start and continued that way throughout the afternoon of SUNDAY, JUNE 10TH. The 50 or so members and guests intermingled, getting to know one another, until 1:30 when the Master of Ceremonies, RICHARD KELLOCK, invited ALEX STEPHENS and PAUL AUBE to speak about the aims of A.O.Y. in English and French respectively.

ALEX outlined the basic goals of the group,emphasizing upon the need for youngsters to stay in school and responsibility for ones' actions. He also pointed out the difference between Dorchester's SCARED STRAIGHT PROGRAM of shock tactics and A.O.Y.'s method of rational approach.

PAUL AUBE also gave his personal views, interjecting some fine rhetoric in his native French for the benefit of the half dozen French-speaking guests.

JOE BASHA then introduced some of the conventions' guests: Mr. and Mrs. RON ARSENAULT; Mr. & Mrs. BOB MULLINS; CARLOS SIRACUSA, a former A.O.Y. member down from SHULIE LAKE CAMP; Mr. Willie Gibbs, Director of Springhill; and members representing groups around the institution, like the BLACK INMATES ASSOCIATION, the NATIVE INDIAN BROTHERHOOD, ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS, CONTACT, and the INMATE COMMITTEE.

The Guest of Honour, BOB MULLINS, Supervisor of Family and Children's Services, Amherst, then gave a speech, commenting upon the usefulness of A.O.Y. and how new directions could be taken such as adding parents' groups and elementary schools to the list of groups already serviced. He also wished the group more success with its functions such as CON WALK and its speaking engagements.

The highlight of the day was the presentation of the A.O.Y.'s SPEAKING and MERIT AWARDS. The recipients of the SPEAKING AWARDS were: PAUL AUBE, RAINIE MacPHERSON(accepted by Paul Aube), GEORGE SMITH, ARNOLD SLAUNWHITE, ALEX STEPHENS, GLEN WALSH, FRANCIS FOOTE, REX KAMSTRA and CARLOS SIRACUSA.

The recipients of the MERIT AWARDS were: CARLOS SIRACUSA, GLEN WALSH, ARNOLD SLAUNWHITE, PAUL AUBE, GEORGE MYERS and DOUG JONES.
After the awards were made the lunch was served with ERNIE LEBLANC blessing the meal before we ate. It was a pleasant lunch and the KITCHEN GUYS have everyone's appreciation for a job well done.

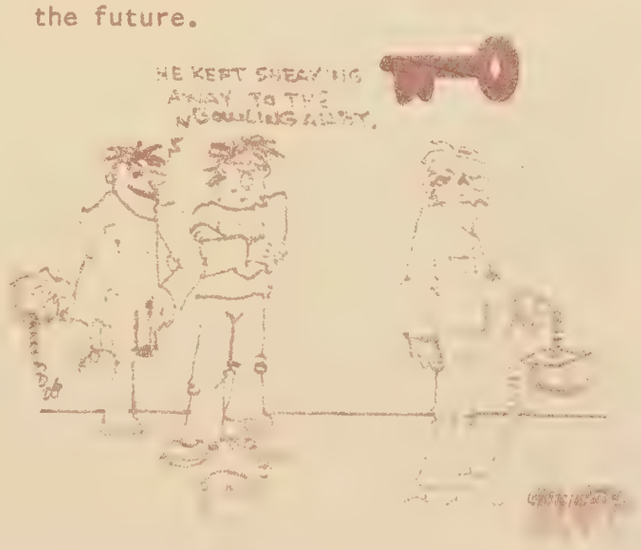
STEVEN BLUM, past president of BIG SISTERS AND BROTHERS, Amherst, commented upon the groups' worthwhile endeavours.

WILLIE GIBBS, the Director of Springhill Institution spoke on the topic of keeping boys that are now in the Boy's Homes out of the prisons, and thanked RON ARSENAULT, the Social Cultural Development Officer of Springhill, for his efforts to do with A.O.Y.

RON ARSENAULT said that most of the responsibility for A.O.Y.'s success rested with the inmates who organize and put into effect their ideas and projects.

DOUG JONES,on behalf of all members of A.O.Y. thanked RON ARSENAULT,the ADMINISTRATION for its continued cooperation, PAUL AUBE for boosting the membership to its present 30 members while he was president, the SCHOOL AND CHURCH LEADERS who made it possible for our guys to do their thing at the local schools and churches,and EVERYONE ELSE THAT HAS HELPED A.O.Y. be the success it is.

In closing it was agreed that the inmates' responsibility is to HIMSELF, TO HIS FAMILY,AND TO SOCIETY. The convention ended with an open discussion and everyone left hoping these conventions would continue in the future.



AS I SEE IT

WHAT YOU ALWAYS NEEDED TO KNOW ABOUT - SNIVELING - AND NEVER LEARNED

by ©eugene daniels

ONE OF THE WORLD'S BEST SELLERS, THE MERRIAM-WEBSTER DICTIONARY, DEFINES sniveling as (1) running at the nose; (2) snuffing mucas up the nose audibly; (3) to cry or whine with sniffing; (4) to speak or act in a whining, sniffing, tearful or weakly emotional manner.

The fourth definition is most apt for present purposes, and more closely fits the "streets" definition. But, to nail it down, sniveling is a weak and contemptible oral, written or behavioral presentment of tears and lamentations over something. One historical example:

Voltaire: "I disagree with everything you say, but I'll defend until death your right to say it."

To the hard-nosed, Voltaire sniveling in the face of his opponent; he should have punched the guy out without further ado. Such a scene reeks of sticky drama, meant to impress bystanders with a brief, direct approach to disolving problems. Bravo! But other problems arise. One's knuckles, fingers and hands get broken, bruised or knocked out of joint. Doctors and hospitals lock their doors, not wanting to risk disagreement over medical procedure and kind of treatment. Vengeful relations and friends of the battered one also pose certain hazards; and then again, some people won't take being punched and will punch back. Then . . . or later.

But Voltaire put across a superb example of what being manly is all about. By supporting another's right to disagree, Voltaire confirmed his own, and his sniveling paid dividends.

Another form of sniveling comes from Nathan Hale,a mere lad of 17 or 18, a Revolutionary War spy, who sniveled from a British scaffold: "I regret I have but one life to give for my country."

That's POSITIVE sniveling, exemplifying the heart of a patriot, who, at the end of his rope, complained because he could not carry a better fight, further.

Sniveling is a most expressive word, and picturesque. It denotes a healthy action in many respects, physically and emotionally. To a student of human nature, the contents of verbal sniveling reliably indicate a person's character, disposition and set of values, in addition to being an emotional safety valve of "letting off steam." Everyone has a built in "thermostat," and trip off varying degrees of emotional heat. Some people are highly charged, carrying an overload, such as the tempestuous John Paul Jones:

"I haven't begun to snivel!"

Anne Boleyn, Henry VIII's controversial second wife, thrust a gold coin in the hand of an imported headsman, and with cool disdain instructed him in flawless French:

"Strike sure and don't bungle it. I have a thin neck."

In each above instance the die had already been cast. The British still hung Nathan Hale; they shot Jones' ship to pieces,though he won the battle; and Anne lost her head, bungled or not . . . and history is silent on that subject.

But why say anything at all?

Everyone living or dead has had critics who will never let truth interfere with making derogatory remarks about one's intelligence, wit, honour, judgment, ancestry, or . . . at a weak and crucial moment, sniveling. Even the revered Lincoln had untold hundreds of unsparing critics who avowed

that he sniveled at Gettysburg. His speech "bombed," as they put it.

So many great men and women of near and ancient history have been snivelers par excellence, bar none, enough to compound what is written here into a sizeable Thesaurus of Snivelers. It's surprising someone hasn't authored a "How to" book, followed by sequels entitled:

"FOR SNIVELING SAKE!"
"ASSERTIVE SNIVELING"
"SNIVELING; MAKE IT PAY OFF"

Or, for the Detective sleazies:

"SNIVELING COED OUTWITS STRANGLER"
"MURDERS OF RUE de SNIVELIER"
"MASKED SNIVELER STRIKES AGAIN"
"PINK SNIVELER'S RETURN"

Or, for McCALL'S sweetness and light:

"SNIVELING TOGETHER BROUGHT US TOGETHER"
"DOMINANT SNIVELING"
"SNIVELING THE WAY TO E.R.A."
"SNIVEL HIM TO DEATH . . . and COLLECT!"
(Awards for first person stories.)

Alas, too much sniveling has been charged to many Biblical characters, and strictly defined, the indictment carries some weight. However, the heavy irony here is that those who press such an accusation are sniveling because someone else sniveled. This belated sniveling, or "retributive" sniveling, is assinine. Of all kinds of sniveling and snivelers, this is the mark of a genuine, bona-fide SNIVELER, who snivels because others ARE sniveling or DID snivel centuries ago.

Moreover, millions do not read or listen to Scripture. At the mere mention, the word "Bible" drives some into reactions similar to violent allergies. Because they misunderstand the positive aspects of sniveling, they scorn all the moral, practical and shrewd instructions, and dynamic personalities who made history . . . such as Moses, Isaiah, David, Solomon -- and Christ.

Well, maybe they did snivel. Maybe they cared.

Nobody's memory needs refreshing as to the sore task Moses faced leading a truculent, spoiled people out of Egyptian bondage into the hardships of desert freedom. Freedom carries responsibilities, other than the rights to just eat, sleep and breed.

Isaiah sniveled about doom unless the people quit their frivolous ways and got back to fundamentals: respect and love shown to one another, and obedience.

In some of his Psalms, David forthrightly sniveled because of his weakness for flesh to the detriment of his divine assignment: uniting Israel.

And Solomon. If ever a man more blessed by the Almighty lived, he'd be difficult to find. Renowned for wisdom and riches, beloved of women, and causing the construction of a Paradise on Earth, he was "greater than any who came before him." In Ecclesiastes, his description fitted an ancient Clark Gable, Errol Flynn and John F. Kennedy wrapped into one. He surfeited in an over-abundance of wine, women and song; yet, he brooded when looking it all over:

"What kind of guy will be king after me?"

A fool, no doubt.

Then what would happen to the monuments, temples, gardens, orchards, marble pools and multitudes of women?

He sniveled, "One thing happens to them all. All goes unto one place."

With his reputation for riches, power and wisdom . . . and God's grace . . . he ought to have known what he was writing about when he claimed, "All is vanity . . . (and a multitude of cheap shots.)"

Nowadays, during this noisy ME generation, there seems to be a rash of sniveling, self-perpetuating Loonie Tunes, and a host of entertainers who would discredit Jerusalem's Wailing Wall when it comes to sniveling. These entertainers get paid huge sums for their performances, and naturally try to promote this aborigine sniveling into the realm of melodramatic art. Self-pitying lyrics pour forth from a worldwide scourge of juke-boxes, radios and TV stations, all lamenting broken hearts over some form of unrequited love from a honky-tonk angel with a cheatin' heart.

The howling success of the above class of entertainment is that it is "ricochet" sniveling: that of audiences paying someone else to snivel for them. Sniveling somehow sounds better when put to music, but, many snivelers can't carry a tune in a bucket. But, that doesn't matter. It's a

spin-off from the Dark Ages when distant villages had circuit-riding "sin eaters," who, for moderate fees would eat bowls of mixed up garbage -- which represented a town's sins and transgressions. Townships were "cleansed," as it were, by culinary sniveling.

Now the roles have been reversed. The performer sings garbage, the suckers eat it up, and a troupe of scanty-clad teenie boppers "cleanse" their pockets . . . while dancing the "Whirling Dervish."

There are all kinds of sniveling: positive and negative, good and bad, liberal and conservative, artistic and bizarre, the malicious -- and that done with finesse and good taste. Christ had a unique style all his own, which made him so insanely hated by those of the ruling "clic" and other hypocrites. With profound wit and devastating accuracy he called a spade a spade . . . and the "heathen" raged.

Luke 7: 30-35 applies today.

TIME

A Review

by kerry holland

IN MID-APRIL WE HAD THE OPPORTUNITY to attend a concert held in the auditorium. An outside band, TIME, from Moncton gave the population two hours of good music and a good time. Unlike other outside bands I've watched and listened to in here, TIME came on like they really wanted to be playing for us. Other bands were usually yawning halfway through their set.

With musicians like GREG CORMIER, their lead guitarist and vocalist, PIERRE LEBLANC on keyboards and vocals, DENNIS MONGRAIN on bass, and JEAN HEBERT on drums, TIME couldn't do anything but sound good. NORM GALLANT, their technician, did some interesting mixes with the sound output and brought some visual effects that helped the group come across as good as they did.

They started out with some hard-driving rock numbers and abruptly changed to disco, to rock, to pop, to blues, to boogie, and back to rock for the more than 380 guys that showed up for the afternoon's entertainment. Many requests were made and most were filled.

TIME'S lead guitarist, GREG CORMIER, was excellent, switching from funky rythmns to lead solos with style rarely seen in this part of the country. He also had a good between numbers repertoire of comedy routines.

The bassist and drummer provided a solid rhythmn section, while their keyboard man sounded like an orchestra backup on his electric piano. Such tunes as "Bad Company," "Can't Get Enough of Your Love" and Toto's, "Hold the Line" had the audience stamping their feet and shouting for more.

Speaking for myself, I hope TIME makes it back here soon to break up another hum-drum day here in Silly Hill.

Ecology Action Centre

Forrest Building
Dalhousie University
Halifax, Nova Scotia

The JUSUN is published monthly by the Ecology Action Centre.
Phone: (902) 422-4311

The Antique Shop

by mickey isaac

MICKEY ISAAC was the owner and operator of CITADEL ANTIQUES for seventeen years in the city of Halifax. He has travelled throughout the world in quest of antiques and collectibles, and is considered an expert in his field. He is also a licensed antique auctioneer. The COMMUNICATOR proudly presents this column and invites you to direct questions and comments to Mr. Isaac and his world -- the universe of craftsmanship, style and knowledge. Any queries should be addressed c/o the Editor, the COMMUNICATOR, Box 2140, Springhill, Nova Scotia. B0M 1X0

LET'S START WITH THE BASIC CONCEPT OF WHAT AN ANTIQUE IS; WHAT ANTIQUES are of nostalgic value; which are considered of extreme value; and, foremost, what do we as individuals value in the antiques we possess.

Cultural and historical background play an important part in the determination of an item's ultimate value, and as we talk about antiques in this column, we will try to cover the history of furniture, glass and the various curios that feed our egos and remind us of the days when craftsmanship, pride and style went into the design of simple household accouterments for everyday use. Some countries like China, India and France will not allow antiques to leave the country. The Canadian government states that an item that is older than 50 years can be brought into the country duty-free as an antique, but the tendency to believe that because an item is old makes it valuable is not always true. A Tiffany lamp made in 1898 is more valuable than an oil lamp made in 1850. Craftsmanship, artistic value and rarity are most important when judging the value of an item, but, again, history and local interest can't be ignored.

For example, a piece of Starflower Nova Scotia glass is of little interest to a person in New Zealand, but in Nova Scotia, it is considered valuable and collectible. As a dealer I won't sell Nova Scotia glass or anything of historical value to Nova Scotians to anyone from outside the province. Historical artifacts and culture from our area, whether its Newfoundland or any other Maritime province, should be valued beyond its monetary value within the culture it comes from.

Later on in this column, we will discuss the artistic, or one of a kind, antiques which have no practical use except as ornamentation. Style and grandeur were commonplace throughout history and families of wealth hired the finest craftsmen, and left behind items of high quality and cultural value; antiques like jewellery of silver and gold, and furniture and paintings of great aesthetic value.

What will be of prime interest throughout this column will be an attempt to impart some of our Nova Scotian heritage to you the reader. We will discuss what our forefathers built and used, and what we as people interested in antiques love and search for at auctions, house sales, and even during Clean-Up Week in the spring of the year. Nothing is more interesting to an antique collector or dealer than a story of an old house furnished with oil lamps and trunks, and we will talk about what a person should keep his or her eye out for. In the issues to come, we will talk about the fundamentals of buying at auctions and the current prices of antiques and their true values. We will discuss how small the investment in worthwhile

antiques can be, and how, aside from the monetary value of an item, an appreciation of antiques is participation in one's culture and past lifestyle; a lifestyle that has been, for the most part, lost to the world of machines, pop art and mass production, a world of mediocrity and crassness. Our history is recorded in the world of the antique collector and what s/he has preserved.

CHAIRS

One of the most common household items, sometimes referred to as man's earliest furniture invention, is the first item I want to talk about. Chairs have had many uses just built to support down through the centuries -- there have been chairs designed to seat people wearing armour and chairs of the Victorian age that had to accomodate fine ladies in large dresses. Whatever the needs of the time were, there were chairs built to meet the styles and demands of the times.

But they have also been designed down through the years to fulfill more than just the practical needs of the day: they have had to satisfy man's symbolic and status needs. The kings and queens of antiquity had chairs designed that created a pontifical image for the person using them. There were throne chairs, speaker's chairs and, in modern times, the head of the family's lazy boy. As with all inventions of man, the design of chairs has moved from a purely functional item of necessity to an article that satisfies the owner's aesthetic and symbolic needs as well as the practical.

A classic example of how earlier designs and needs have influenced the basic design of chairs right down to the present day is seen when one notices that the back legs on almost every kind of chair are plain, almost ugly, when compared with the front legs of the same chair. The reason for this is that in earlier times, when great dining halls were the order of the day, chairs, when not in use at the table, were lined up along the walls of the dining hall, leaving the large table sitting in the center of the room. With the backs of the chairs spending more time against the walls than anywhere else, the designers and craftsmen of the day just naturally spent less time on the back legs. And when the table and chairs were in use at the table, only the servants saw the backs of the chairs, for that's where they stood waiting to serve the gentry seated at the table. The front legs were only seen by those looking under the table....

It was the great craftsmen of the day who gave us the designs and craftsmanship that we value so greatly today. Masters from the past like Chippendale, Sheraton, Adams and Hepplewhite are responsible for the designs seen in today's chairs, even though the craftsmanship of today is almost non-existent when compared with an original of one of the lines just mentioned. Mass production and the use of pressboards and veneers and inferior construction techniques have brought modern day chairs a long way down from where they once were.

When the early immigrants came to the New World, they brought with them the craftsmanship and tools to carve a future from the new found land. Chairs were one of the things they needed when setting themselves up (and down) in the new and hostile land, and they used different materials from that of the Old World. Chairs went from being constructed of mahogany and walnut to maple and pine -- woods that were indigenous to the areas being settled. But the designs used were that of the Old World, and that is why today's chairs still echo of times long past.

At one time in my shop, which was housed in one of Halifax's oldest buildings, having been built in 1804, with a ceiling fourteen feet high, I had the walls lined with chairs of almost every description. There were, to name only a few, prayer chairs and grape backs, rose backs and ladder chairs, Queen Anne chairs and Windsor chairs, bentwoods and stick chairs, three-legged corner chairs and male and female chairs. In value they ranged between four and five dollars each to hundreds of dollars a set.

Nowadays, good buys in chairs range from $25 to $100. If you are handy with your hands and have the motivation it takes to restore furniture, you can do very well for yourself -- if not, there are plenty of professional refinishers and restorers around. It is always good to keep in mind that a single chair may cost, say, $25, whereas the same chair as one of a set of four, could cost five and six times as much because of its being part of a set. And it is also useful to keep in mind that what has little market value today, might very well be the thing to sell tomorrow -- for instance, I've, in the past, bought dozens and dozens of ice cream parlour chairs for as low as three and four dollars each; the same chairs today will bring from $35 to $50 apiece. Chairs are a good investment.

The craftsmen of early Nova Scotian history have left us with a wealth of quality and beauty, some of which is just being rediscovered -- such as items like the Sibley chair of times past. Nova Scotian chairs, like other items from the past, are of such importance to our culture that their preservation should be ensured with a fervour that only Nova Scotians can be expected to project.

I remember attending a sale at the LEAR ESTATE which sat at the top of the hill where the Armdale Rotary now is. It was a collector's and dealer's dream come true: in the back of the building there was a sun porch which, to my delight, housed an array of wicker furniture, old and well-used. Among the items I purchased that day was a Victorian rocker in the style of a wingback with beautiful decorative ornamentation. The price of the chair was $8.00. I left with that chair and many other wonderful finds, spending my total wealth at the time of $68.00. It was one of the days among hundreds that I felt blessed to have discovered the business of being an antique collector and dealer... a business that started when bums wuz bums and needed a place to sit.

Atlantic Challenge

by JUSTIN SULLIVAN

THE PAROLE SERVICE'S ATLANTIC CHALLENGE PROGRAM IS A NON-PROFIT organization specializing in "real challenges" for inmates. There are two programs annually: in summer, sea voyages along the coastal waters of Nova Scotia/Prince Edward Island and canoe trips; in winter, cross country skiing, camping and snow shoe expeditions. Set up two years ago ATLANTIC CHALLENGE aims to have participants master a series of unique problem-solving tasks. Target group: offenders in federal and provincial institutions,as well as juveniles before the courts.

A Dramatic New Approach . . .

Lynn Jenson: Adventurer

LYNN JENSON, LATTER DAY FRONTIERSman and charter member of ATLANTIC CHALLENGE is, at 31, a 6'4" easy-going world wanderer. Moving from city to city and country to country was a fact of life for JENSON because his father was a long-established member of the Canadian Navy. Lynn's own travels have taken him across four continents. He has been a labourer, lumberjack, truck driver, deep-sea sailor and a student with several university degrees. He has guided, manipulated, even rehabilitated (perish the word) disadvantaged children, juvenile delinquents and full-fledged adult offenders on expeditions through the wilds of Nova Scotia and Ontario.

Since 1976 JENSON has led parolees and inmates of our five federal institutions on expeditions via skiis, snow shoes, feet, canoes and whale boats. The whaling boat trips are the most spectacular, and perhaps the most effective, from the point of view of altering personalities. It is 175 miles from Halifax to the Strait of Canso and the whaling boat crews make the trip there and back in what amounts to two weeks of isolation -- three boats, three commanders and nine "clients."

With sails, and sails only, a crew of four sometimes sail for their lives. There is danger of capsizing, being swamped, running aground and, on rare occasions, the spectre of the great beyond seems to be near. At other times, there is no wind, no movement, no action. While visitors to the expeditions are

rare, mosquitoes, black flies and sunburn are not. The crew must learn to sail and learn to sail quickly. There must be self-discipline in exacting circumstances and self-discipline in the relaxing environment around the campfire at night. Each must help the other for the sake of the general good, with no expectation of reward or even recognition.

"About 20% drop out of the program" says JENSON. "They cannot motivate themselves to handle the challenges and problems and with time-honoured cynicism, reject the program."

"Do you have a problem with hostility?"

"Yes. Usually from those who have been so ingrained against authority over an extensive period. My system is to keep such people close to me. They sleep in my tent, they sail in my boat. When they realize I am not punishing or unfair (I hope), they change. Sometimes they stay changed."

"Is there hostility among the inmate and ex-inmate crew members themselves?"

"Yes, but it seldom lasts. There is so much else to share and do, that hostility is relegated to a less elegant position."

"How much responsibility do you give these landlubbers?"

"All they can handle as fast as they can handle it."

"How much do you trust them? Are you afraid of escapes?"

"There was one escape, but I can't afford to be afraid of it. It would compromise the program."

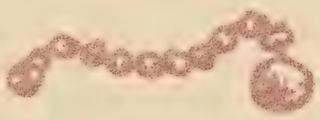
"To use a verboten word -- is anybody reformed or rehabilitated?"

"It's hard to say. There is evidence the program has an immediate and positive effect. It's transitory and needs periodic booster treatment. We try to take clients who are on parole or near the end of their sentences."

"Do you like your job --do you like being isolated with some very ruthless people, some very subjective people,some very unlikeable people, who know nothing of sailing, camping, cooking or etiquette?"

"Love it!" * * *

EDITOR'S NOTE: Justin Sullivan is Regional Manager Communications (Atlantic) for the Correctional Service of Canada. His article first appeared in LET'S TALK, the tabloid for staff of the C.S.C. and is reprinted with permission.



COMMITTEE NEWS

by joe basha

The JOHN HOWARD SOCIETY of NEWFOUNDLAND is in constant contact with the Inmate Committee, and they are very interested in helping Newfoundlanders in any way they can. But they can't help if we don't contribute, and by contribute I mean, the Committee needs all NEWFOUNDLAND INMATES' NAMES, ADDRESSES AND THE NAMES OF ALL THE PEOPLE FROM NEWFOUNDLAND WHO WOULD COME TO VISIT YOU if they had government funding to finance their trip. In the meantime, the JOHN HOWARD is also trying to make it feasible for all NEWFOUNDLAND INMATES who make DAY PAROLE and who want to go to NEWFOUNDLAND on their DAY PAROLES to be able to do it. Both of these issues are important matters for the NEWFOUNDLAND INMATES who are here now and for those who will come in the future. So, please, waste no time in getting this information to your Committee Man as soon as possible.

UNIT TEN IS CLOSING for the months of JULY, AUGUST and maybe NOVEMBER. The reason given so far is the institution can't afford to continue paying the overtime that is required to keep the unit open on a 24 hour a day basis. Some may think this is solely a unit problem and not the business of the rest of the population. But that isn't true;it is a problem that involves the entire population both directly and indirectly. For many guys, NUMBER TEN is their way of getting out of prison, and for others TEN is their incentive for continuing on with good behaviour, which is another way of saying that UNIT TEN being there helps keep the institution more balanced and stable. If you are one of those wanting to get into UNIT TEN in the future or if you are interested in keeping the unit open for whatever reason, the best way to help is to write letters and give them to your Inmate Committee

Man, giving your reasons for supporting keeping it open.

The BARBICUE PIT has finally got under way, and we hope to have it finished before the 1st of July (weather & conditions permitting). A Work Order has already been submitted for the new HANDBALL COURTS and we hope to have them underway shortly.

IN THE PAST MONTH OR SO, THREE NEW members have been added to the Inmate Committee. ALLAN BALSAR from UNIT NUMBER EIGHT has replaced LOUIE MAILETTE; DAVE HAMILTON has replaced GLEN WALSH, our past president, who in my estimation did an excellent job; EDDY GALGAY, who was transferred to the farm, has been replaced by CALVIN(Shorty) PARSONS.

The next social project for the Committee is Field Day. The arrangements for this day are being done by AL BALSAR and DAVE CROSSMAN. All reports indicate a gala day is planned for all.

Once again, I'd like to remind you that the Inmate Committee is working for you. For any problem that can't be handled at a unit level, it's the duty of your Inmate Committee man to help you; and he will, all you have to do is go see him and he will do all he can with what little power he has.

There is a profound message for all mankind

Warning from Guyana

Chris Foster

HUMAN BEINGS TEND NOT TO LIKE taking responsibility for themselves. They will, if possible, put that responsibility off onto somebody else. "You tell me what to do," they say. "You show me how I should live my life." Or even, sometimes, "You live my life for me."

As long as it is not too blatant or extreme,such an attitude is considered quite normal and natural. The whole structure of society is, indeed,based in this very approach. Doctors are expected to take responsibility for Joe Doe's backache or Aunt Maria's abdominal pain. This is what they are there for, after all. Momma government is expected to take responsibility for any major problems -- inflation, for instance -- that might interfere with a person's ability to enjoy himself and more or less do what he wants to do. If someone belongs to a religious organization of some kind, it is expected that the priest, or the friendly vicar down the road, will take responsibility for their spiritual welfare. We even sometimes put the responsibility for our bad moods onto the weather -- as if the poor old weather really has that power!

And so it goes. We are programmed from childhood, one way or another, to put the responsibility for our lives and our experience onto others. It is a kind of mass copout that simply reflects, in actual fact, man's rejection of his primary responsibility to be the means whereby the true purposes of Life might be fulfilled on this earth.

Because everyone has copped out, what is in truth unnatural and abnormal appears to be natural and normal...until, as happens every once in a while, it is carried to a particular extreme. Then the folly of the whole approach is made evident, at least when there are those with eyes to see. So is it in relation to the recent mass suicides at Jonestown, Guyana. Most, of course,do not want to see the deeper implications of this particular happening. Heads are shaken in disbelief. Columnists, commentators and leaders of our civilization cry out in horror. But at the same time they endeavor to explain and rationalize the occurrence. This was the work of a strange cult,they say. But the nine hundred or so people who, willingly or unwillingly, went to their deaths at Jonestown were not so very different from anyone else, really. They were people, just like all the rest of us. And just like the rest of mankind, they tried to put responsibility for their lives onto somebody else: a mixed-up individual called Rev. Jim Jones.

in what happened at Jonestown

If we are wise, we will not be fooled by the convenient rationalizations handed out by those who appoint themselves spokesmen for society. There is a warning in what happened in a remote jungle clearing in Guyana that may well exercise the attention and consideration of everyone. Obviously, none of us can become an "island." We cannot exist to ourselves alone. There is a need for a right association with others, and what others offer in a variety of ways is very necessary to us. But properly speaking we never relinquish our own sense of responsibility to somebody else. If we do that, we relinquish our integrity and disintegration inevitably results. That disintegration is not always so sensational or so sudden as was made evident at Jonestown, but it comes all the same.

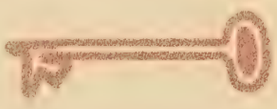
We keep our integrity. We remain responsible. And we are careful in what or in whom we place our trust. It is obvious that those who followed Jones were following a person who was quite unfitted to provide any kind of true leadership for anyone. It is easily seen in this instance how orientation, or turning, to something that was not true brought disaster and disintegration. But is it only "over there" that such a thing could happen? Of course not!

Only that can be trusted, in actual fact, which reveals the true quality and character of life in a consistent, dependable and stable expression of living. Of course, where that true quality and character is in expression, then consistency, dependability and stability will automatically be revealed. Life is one, after all. But the point is that only life integrates. Orientation in anything else, no matter how earnest human beings may be, no matter how many of them may be involved, and no matter how cherished some system of belief or some theory or other may be, produces -- either in the long term or in the short term, and what's the difference, really? --the same kind of hell that was loosed in Jonestown.

So a great responsibility rests upon anyone, anywhere, who senses in his heart something of the true nature of life. These are responsible for revealing in an increasing measure the reality of that true nature in their living. This way, a point of orientation increasingly emerges on earth which makes possible the blessing of integration rather than the curse of disintegration. If what occurred in Guyana can serve to stimulate a measure of awakening in at least some of the inhabitants of this earth to the real facts of the situation, and the immense, yet entirely natural and proper responsibility which needs to be assumed, then that awful tragedy may not have been for nothing.

* * *

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Foster's editorial originally appeared in INTEGRITY: Gay Episcopal Forum, 701 Orange Street, No. 6, FORT VALLEY, GA 31030 and we picked it up from the Emissary: A Journal of Practical Living, Box 328, LOVELAND, CO 80537. The item is reprinted with their kind permission.



atlantic wholesalers

"serving the Maritimes"
grocery distributors to the independant retail trade

Head Office
Sackville, N.B.

WAREHOUSE: ...If You Lived Here will be seen in each issue. It is a fictional journal, a fantasy, reflective of the author's prison experiences in a maximum-security penitentiary. All names and events mentioned are historically fictional but poetically true, and will remain so protecting the guilty.

YEH, YOU GUESSED IT; I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE, A MAN OF CONVICTIONS -- six of them, third trip to the pen, all done in maximum security, all for burglary. They like me -- what can I tell you...?

Just before I got out the last time, a dude I know comes up to me and says, "Hey Jess," (that's me, son-of-a-bitchen, Jesse; no-good-for-nothin' Robbins; mother-fuckin' Jesse; and from my friends, Hey Jess) "when you come back the next time, why don'tcha write a book about it and maybe make some money? You know, like those shit-for-brains collich crim'nologists do but that ain't done a day's worth of time -- why don'tcha, Man?"

At the time I thought the dude was operating under some pretty heavy assumptions, you know what I mean? But now that I'm shuffling back into the joint with these fucking handcuffs and legirons on again, I'm thinking that maybe the bugger knew something about what he was talking about, and I'm thinking that maybe I should put down some of what I see -- not everything, now; I mean, this is a max pen I'm walking into and some of what I'm going to see isn't anybody's business but those doin' the doing. Long as you understand that I'm only going to tell you what isn't going to hurt another con, and that I'm not pretending I'm a professional writer or anything like that; like, I mean, shit, I'm going to write it like I talk. There isn't any sense in my trying to be another Oscar Wilde, O. Henry, or any of those other heavy dudes that did some time and wrote about it: aside from the fact that I know I'm not the quality of writer it would take to measure up to some of those people, another relevant fact is that they all wrote like they didn't know the truth of what I know -- they seem to have ignored, or weren't aware of, the fact that you people out there don't give a shit about any of us in here; I know that, and so do most of the people in here, but we keep pretending, hoping, it's different.

So, what I'm going to do is write for those few who know what the hell is going on in the world and, most particularly, in every maximum security penitentiary across this country -- and I'm going to write for myself, for as long as I enjoy doing it. One last thing, I promise to tell you no lies; for sure I'm going to tell you things differently than they actually happened, because there are times when things happen and the details of what goes down get lost in the confusion of the moment, but I'll always be true to the emotion of the situation. You can feel whatever you want but since I'm the one telling the stories, I'll tell them my way.

Oh, yeh, another thing; we swear a lot in here, so if you're one of the few virgins left in this world, best you read something written by one of those college educated dudes who think getting screwed always has something to do with sex... Shit, even my classification bull knows better than that....

A MAN AIN'T S'POSED TO . . .

DAY ONE, Anitown, 1962:

It was a lousy fucking day... our train pulled into the station one-hundred-and-fifty miles away in Anitown. It was shortly after four in the afternoon and the car we were in was loaded with Lugan's University students returning from March Break in Toronto, laughing, hollering, jumping from seat to seat, their parents stashed away somewhere in mid-western Canada, until one spotted the legirons, the chrome-plated common denominators between the five somber-faced men and boys in the last two seats of the car; only then did the din inside the coach drop to a hushed murmer, to a pretended indifference of the prisoners being transported by chain and rail, to a restrained silence loaded with stolen glances borrowed from manacled felons.

The sherrif's men, three retired policemen, in ill-fitting, all-the-same-shade-of-grey, mail-order suits and felt fedoras, their faces florid from decades of Legion-spent nights, reminding me of what the Second War had done to thousands of men, guarded us with the same indifference T.T.C. conductors put out when taking fares on Toronto streetcars. One of them, his belly hanging over his belt, told the two prisoners seated in the aisle seats to wait until the car emptied before standing to have the handcuffs put back on.

We sat facing one another and watched the students file past, pretending a Cool-Hand Luke nonchalance. I watched their reflections in the glass, feigning lack of interest as they paraded by our group, their strides lengthening to slow motion struts as they got alongside our seats, emphasizing the rolling tight-ass flesh and pussy that still squeaked between teenaged inner-thighs. No words passed between us.

Tension began building in my chest as the sherrif's men put the cuffs on us, linking us together to be herded out the end of the coach and down the steel stairs to the station platform, where we assaulted the crowd's attention with our chained ankles and wrists and locked-step shuffling. I could feel the blood up in my throat as I passed still forms that stood and watched, gazing at us as though we had just landed from another planet, seeming to be expecting us to do something. The collective energy of the crowd triggered anger in me, and it was only with a great deal of force that I was able to turn the impulse to kick and gouge and bite and tear and punch back into a worm that would return to eating my guts, recreating the social beast.

They had a rented limosine and an escort car waiting for us. We were loaded into the limo while the crowd sucked on the juices our passing had created; and I thought, if only they could see themselves. We were transported through the city streets, a two car procession drawing no attention from the townspeople -- they'd seen it all before; it was just another day's business, another politician's promises come true.

The limo pulled into the "Reserved for Police" parking spot across the street from the prison and parked. We were herded out of the back of the car and led across the road to the gigantic wooden gate of the penitentiary, where a small door within the twenty-some foot monster known as the North Gate opened to admit us into a caged sally-port, where we were met by three uniformed guards. They looked us over, showing no visible interest, without saying a word, except to mumble comments about the weather to the sherrif's men.

One of the sherrif's men gave the guards papers he took from the briefcase he carried, and we were led through the second barrier into a locked room, where we were told to sit on a bench which ran the length of the wall. The atmosphere of the place, the operation, gave me the impression this had all been happening exactly as it was this day for a very long long time, and that nothing anyone could do would ever disturb these men, with their flat, expressionless faces and slump-shouldered countenance: they were hard men doing a job, a job they neither liked or disliked -- it was just what they did.

After taking the irons off us, we were led from this final password-taking ritual down through a large grassed area to another limestone building, crouching off to our right, under the barrel-end sight of a 30/30 Winchester-toting guard who stood beside a tower on top of the 30 foot wall which surrounded the prison compound. His mirrored-sunglasses and figure silhouetted against the sky gave the scene a surrealistic effect, but I knew all too well that it was real -- just as, given time, it was going to get even more real.

We entered the building and were told to seat ourselves on another room-length bench. Parallel to the wall at one end of the bench was a waist-high counter behind which stood another uniformed guard. He called our names, one at a time, and without looking up waited for us to identify ourselves, and then called each of us to the counter, telling us to strip while he scrutinized each item of clothing, wrote its description on his pad, and placed the items in a large brown paper bag -- telling us that the clothing could be sent home (at our expense), donated to the Sally Ann, or incinerated.

When my turn came to go up to the counter, and after I had stripped and he had put my clothing in the paper bag for delivery to the Sally Ann -- the only group who had ever given prisoners at the Guelph Reformatory when I was there the time of day, without attaching a million miles of string -- he asked me a lot of personal questions about myself and my family, again, without looking up, and entered my responses on a printed questionnaire he was pretending to read from. While standing there in the nude answering his questions, I thought, I wonder if this man knows what he is doing?

After I had been stripped, my clothing taken, my family history taken, my picture and fingerprints taken, I was given a number and told to memorize it. "8719... It's yours," he said. I was handed an arm-full of rough iron-cloth prison clothing and told to go into the next room for a shower and to get dressed.

As I was walking away from the desk, I turned and asked, "Can I have my watch and ring?"

He shouted as though I had violated some unwritten code, "This is a prison, Asshole, you'll get a calendar t' tell ya the time; now get in there and get those clothes on!"

I walked into the room next to where the counter stood, and found a shower stall and a uniformed guard standing beside a chair with a flashlight on it. As soon as I stepped into the room, the guard told me to put my clothing down on the floor and for me to face the wall and bend over. This struck me as a strange command to give, considering that it was four-thirty in the afternoon, in a well-lighted room, with him there with his flashlight and me standing balls nude. I asked him what he had in mind and he said:

"Never mind what I've got in mind. Turn around and touch those toes and do what you're told" and with that he gave me a light push on the shoulder, half-turning me towards the wall.

Coming off the wall, my right shoulder dipping towards my right thigh, elbow tucked in close along my side, fist up under my chin, seemed the most natural thing in the world -- it was like being back in the ring and coming off the ropes. My fist firing straight from the shoulder caught him flush in the mouth, snapping his head back over his shoulder as he slumped to the floor without making a sound. He was only half way down when I realized what I had done... what it was going to cost me. I let my follow-through left fall to my side, thinking that I would be needing it later... very soon... but, what did they expect after putting us through the train ride and the people at the station, staring, stripping, sucking on us? I said, only half to myself, "Fuck it, let 'em come...."

DAY ONE, Anitown, 1967:

The boy was about four, maybe five, and was making his way down the row of seats, climbing up the back of one set and down into the cubicle formed by the next pair, creating a cacophony, filling the coach with giggles, snickers, whispers and half-concealed curses from seated adults. A young woman, probably his mother, chased him from seat to seat, trying to intercept his disrupting charge, while apologizing, face red with embarrassment, failing at suppressing a grin and giggles. The youngster made his way down the aisle, old folks up-tight, turning, casting loaded stares, until he came to the seat behind my place. He clambered over the top of the seatback I was in and tumbled down into my arms,where I held him, twisting, turning, like a bushel basket of smokehouse-bound eels. His mother came bursting down the aisle, grinning and giggling, almost falling across my legs. She latched onto the little guy and while doing so, noticed the legirons; our eyes met,her grin disappeared as she looked me deep in the face. Her eyes showed no hint of embarrassment, fear or any other pejorative quality: while our eyes held one another's, she said, "I'm sorry."

It was right at that instant that I knew I was in trouble again -- here I am, sitting on the same goddamned train, in legirons again and with five more years, heading back to Anitown Pen where the bulls are waiting to finish what they started some four-and-a-half years earlier, and me with my guts all busted up from a stint with the Toronto B & E Squad and still pissing blood -- I looked deeper into her face and, of course, fell in love....

The rest of the ride back to Anitown went almost exactly the same as the first time I'd made the run. We arrived at very nearly the same time of day, an identical crowd stood on the station platform, sucking. The limo parked in the same "Reserved for Police" parking spot across the road from the North Gate, and we went through the same ritual getting inside, with no-one saying a word to any of us.

The admittance clerk did his gig exactly as he had almost five years earlier, and my gut tightened in anticipation of the shower-room scene that was next on the agenda. I stepped through the same doorway and was greeted by the same bull, waiting by his chair and flashlight, with the same disinterested, flat-faced expression -- a T.T.C. conductor waiting for his fare.

I stepped up to him, my face pushed into his, defying him to give the order that would bring disaster down on both our heads, beginning with his. He looked me in the eye and said,

"Put your gear on the floor and turn and face the wall."

Almost in disbelief, I stood looking at him, hoping he'd recognize me, remember where we were going.... "No way," I said, realizing he knew exactly who he was talking to, "you're not lookin' up my ass this day or any other. Call your fucking goon squad, I've been there before...."

"It makes no never mind to me, Robbins, it's your ass...." he said as he shuffled out of the room and back into the admitting office, where the panic-button is tucked up under a desk-top's edge.

DAY ONE, Anitown, 1974:

Nothing has changed since I last made this run: the legirons, the sherrif's men with their florid faces and grey suits, the passengers gawking, little kids' wide-eyed wonder, the station platform with its crowd of staring, sucking watchers, the same limosine and escort car, using the same parking spot across the road from the North Gate, with the same bulls checking us in without saying one word to us. It is almost as though we are all locked into a freeze-frame and that more than ten years haven't passed -- even my friends have commented upon how I still look the same as I did when I was first sent away, upon my not seeming to have aged since '62....

"Take your bundle and go through that door there, take your shower and get dressed" said the admitting clerk, from behind his waist-high desk. I could feel my jaw muscles pulling the skin at my temples taut, my eyes beginning to burn as the pressure in my chest and throat built up. I walked into the room, where the shower-stall, chair, flashlight and guard waited.

Without looking up from the paperback he was reading, he said,"Put your clothes there on the floor and turn and face the wall."

I looked him in the face, staring, trying to force him to look at me, hoping he'd see that neither of us needed this. He stood, his paperback still poised in front of his tunic where he had been reading it, and glanced over the top of it and said, "Just put your clothes there on the floor and turn and face the wall."

"Right" I said, the rage boiling up into my mouth, as I turned towards the wall and bent at the waist.

"Spread 'em, come on, open up..." he said, his voice still expressionless, betraying nothing -- the T.T.C. trains them well; keep it impersonal and no-one can get mad at you -- it's the System... not you.

I spread-eagled myself against the wall, as he moved in behind me, his flashlight in hand. When he pressed a lead-pencil against my buttock to make way for the probing flashlight beam, I could feel tears like acid burning their way down my face -- and I knew I was in... for good.

I had become an inmate.

THE REST OF THE WAY TO THE FACTORY

DAVE TAYLOR

WELL, THEY ARE GOING TO TAKE ME HOME SOON, AND WHEN I ARRIVE BACK IN England I won't be here anymore. I will really miss this country; almost as much as a stale doughnut, and I love those slightly less than camel's turds, which, of course, are everybody's favorites.

Something very strange and frightening happened in Number Nine Unit last week, but I won't mention it because it has absolutely no bearing on what I'm talking about. I just thought I'd bring it up.

They have told me here that when I am released I will be "escorted" to the airport; I can't begin to tell you how thrilled I was, because, naturally enough, in my mind's eye, I conjured up a picture of myself and, say, Raquel Welch and Margaret Trudeau, walking arm in arm through Halifax, or, if not those two, at least someone of equal caliber -- maybe Tugboat Annie and Lassie. (I've always loved dogs, it's probably why I get on so well with all the people who've been trying to lead me around on a leash for the last twelve months.)

To my utter amazement, I was told this was not so. Similar? Yes, but not quite the same. In fact I will be handcuffed, shackled, and nailed to the back seat of a car. They have explained the reason for this, and it makes perfect sense now that its been told. It's because Britain went decimal in 1969 and they didn't have a Jewish Government.

Actually, I could be in a little bit of trouble when I get back, and it was beginning to worry me, until my partner explained that the worst that could happen (and probably will) will be that we get fourteen years without parole. This news brought immediate peace and joy to my troubled mind, because I was really beginning to believe I was in line for a big sentence. Obviously, a quick fourteen doesn't mean much,unless you happen to be doing it.

Let me say a couple of words about my partner: BIG NOSE... Not really big, but an elephant would be proud of it. Some of you may know him, and some may not. To those of you who do know him, I apologize -- to those of you who don't, you haven't missed much. Actually, he's a really popular guy: no one likes him, especially me. He comes from a very poor family. In the winter time, his father would suck a peppermint and all the family would sit around his tongue. On Christmas Eve, his dad would go into the garden and fire his shot-gun, and then come back and tell the kids that Father Christmas had committed suicide.

Anyway, I'm going to call him as a witness at my trial, because, apart from myself and the police, he was the only one there when we were both arrested. The police in England are really stupid: they think that by offering concrete evidence and supporting it with facts, that will help their case. Can you believe it? Just because they found seven pounds of dope at our house, with three sets of scales, one of which was accurate to a hundred-thousandth of a gram, and five thousand dollars in cash, they immediately (if not sooner) jumped to the conclusion that we were selling it. My partner (bless him) quickly rattled off the names of six people who were at that moment in jail for perjury, who would, if given sufficient money, testify devoutly about how innocent we are -- and one of these people would even take a sacred oath on a piece of broken stove-pipe; the one his mother used to beat him with for lying. As further proof of our innocense, I made a mess in my pants, and offered this up as evidence, but no-one wanted it so I put it back. To cap it all up, so as to leave no doubt in their minds that we couldn't possibly have committed these offences, we jumped bail and committed similar offences in this country -- but of a more serious nature. So, all in all, I'm optimistic. It looks good.

I've learnt a lot from my past mistakes. I know now that jury members are impressionable and susceptible to what a criminal wears at his trial. I don't think I'll wear my striped T-shirt with the skull and crossbones on it, which has neatly printed in six-inch block letters,"DEATH AND PROLONGED SUFFERING TO EVERYONE WHO HAS MORE MONEY THAN ME" on it. No matter how much my lawyer argues, I'm not going to wear a black patch over my right eye; and furthermore, I refuse to put the parrot on my shoulder that continuously chants, "pieces of eight -- pieces of eight." I may well put the patch over my left eye, and the parrot on my head, but I simply refuse to be dictated to be someone who knows more about the law than I do, and is only acting in my best interests.

As far as I can see, with a patch over both eyes, the police don't have any more irrefutable evidence than they already have now,and if they do, this only means that they have more.

Whatever the result handed down by the jury is, I'm not worried. If it's Not Innocent, it can only be Guilty. So, at the very worst, I must come in second. However, as you have probably guessed, I do have a way with judges. I know exactly the right thing to say: I usually start off by inquiring, with a pointed finger at those red pickled noses they generally sport, what the upkeep in dollars per day is. You see, this shows that you're concerned about them, that you see them as human beings, and not the pillars of poop that society would have us think they are. Then I gently inquire about their sex life, and tell them quite openly that if they can't get the real thing, to try a woman. You would be surprised at the impression they get from this. Then I try to help them in their finances; this always goes over well. They simply love being told how to spend their money. I don't go too far in this approach: generally, I contain it to one or two statements like, "Don't piss it all up the wall" and "Save a few dollars for the heroin withdrawal treatment your daughter is going to need when my pushers get through with her." Believe me, once they know that you are actually connected to their family, you're in. In fact, the chances are that you'll be so far in, you'll never get out! After this I give a general outline for my future plans concerning employment. I tell them that as long as it brings in an income and it's dishonest, I'm not too fussy what I do. I mention that I would be prepared to step into a simple job; you know,like a brain surgeon or a neuraphysicist, if they were really pushed. In fact, my own line of work is quite similar -- begging from cripples and stealing from orphanages. You see, it doesn't necessarily have to be true, just as long as you impress them.

Well, I think I've given you enough pearl of wisdom for now, so I'll say Hello. Hello-hello.

* * *

Chocko Goes To The I.C.C. Board

© edwin sullivan

THE DOOR OPENS.

Chocko faces a long, unhealthy-looking table. He is given a chair situated right in the middle of the neck of the table, so that he can have the pleasure of whipping his head from side to side. There are six people already seated here and there around the table. On his right is a young man he has never seen before. On the right end of the table is Mr. Farawaynow, a man with whom he exchanges a sentence or two every month or so. On his left sit the only two people in the rooom who know Chocko even a little: House Officers No. 1 and No. 2. Throughout his entire interview they will say nothing at all. At the left end of the table is Mr. Dribble, the Social Worker. Mr. Dribble does not know Chocko, but he will find this no handicap. Nor will Mr. Drop-- who has never even met Chocko, and who now faces him across the neck of the table...

"I'm Mr. Drop, Mr. Chocko. Is there anybody here you don't know?"

"Well," says Chocko, "I don't know you..."

"I just told you -- I'm Mr. Drop," says Mr. Drop. "Now, do you know everybody here?"

"Well," thinks Chocko to himself, "I don't know you..."

"...Good," says Mr. Drop. "Now, this board--"

"I don't think--" interrupts Chocko, gesturing towards the man on his right -- "I don't think I've met this--"

"That's Mr. Justhere," says Mr. Drop. "He's only here to observe."

"Oh," says Chocko.

"Now," Mr. Drop continues, "this board is the Institutional Classification and CantCant Board set up under Newruling-number-1-forget-which in order to review and confuse every individual within this institution. We are here to spend five or ten minutes judging you forever. You can do nothing. We determine just how much progress you have made on the Wheel of Life and are disposed to believe that you have made none at all. We are the Keepers of the Public Trust. We are Perfect Men. Are you with me so far...?"

"Well..." says Chocko.

"...This Board," continues Dr. Drop, "is a new and exciting attempt to bring together into one place all of the ridiculous pomposity and random injustice heretofore scattered throughout the institution in various and sundry this-and-that boards and committees. We want to concentrate. We review all applications for Work Release Programs, Hospital Programs, Furloughs, Educational Release -- in short, any outside clearance is ours to deny. We also approve or deny Unit Changes, Job Changes, the Changing Seasons and the Changing Tides. This is Armageddon and We are Good. Our decisions are arbitrary. Do you have any questions?"

Chocko: "Is this the Boat to China...?"

Mr. Drop: "...Good. Well then, Mr. Dribble... would you like to begin...?"

Mr. Dribble: "MMmmm...Mr. Chocko, I see here that when you were twelve years old you were arrested, along with two companions, for throwing rocks at a Police Car. Can you tell the Board just how you are dealing with that problem...?"

Chocko: "I was twelve years old then..."

Mr. Dribble: "That's beside the point, Mr. Chocko. Please tell the Board just what steps you have been taking to restructure such an obviously hostile attitude towards duly constituted social authority mumble mumble and -- er -- society in general, as it were. Can you tell us that?"

Chocko: "That was such a long time ago. What about Now...?"

Mr. Dribble: "We're not concerned with now, Mr. Chocko. We only look at the past. Will you please answer the question?"

Chocko: "Well, in 1747, when I was the second youngest son of a poor honest woodsman, I shot some paper arrows at the village priest..."

Mr. Dribble: "You did? Let's see...I can't seem to find that here -- wait a moment...no, it's been misplaced...did you kill the priest?"

Chocko: "With little paper arrows...?"

Mr. Dribble: "Well, did you hurt the priest...?"

Chocko: "No, I missed the priest. But we did put a few dents in the Police Car..."

Mr. Dribble: "I see...you destroyed the Police Car..."

Chocko: "Just a few little dents..."

Mr. Dribble: "And what were your feelings when you destroyed the Police Car?"

Chocko: "My feelings...?"

Mr. Dribble: "Yes. Did you feel...powerful?"

Chocko: "Well, not really. I just sort of felt...twelve years old..."

Mr. Dribble: "MMmmm...then would you mind telling the Board, Mr. Chocko, just why you were throwing rocks at the Police Car in the first place?"

Chocko: "Because I was twelve years old..."

Mr. Dribble: "That's no reason, Mr. Chocko. I know many twelve year old boys who don't go around throwing rocks at Police Cars."

Chocko: "I'm sure you do. But there is no other reason..."

Mr. Dribble: "I think there is another reason, Mr. Chocko."

Chocko: "You do...?"

Mr. Dribble: "I think you were throwing rocks at the Police Car because you wanted to kill the Village Priest..."

Chocko: "Is this the Train to Lisbon...?"

* * *

Mr. Drop: "Mr. Chocko, tell us about 1962..."

Chocko: "1962...? (To himself: "1962...The Bay of Pigs...?")

Mr. Drop: "Yes, 1962. In May, 1962, you were given 30 days for resisting--"

Chocko: "Wait a minute. Wait a minute. The world has turned itself around several thousand times since 1962. It doesn't even look the same anymore. I don't look the same. You don't look the same. You're looking at me Now. What do you see Now...?"

Mr. Drop: "I see now that in May, 1962, you were given 30--"

Chocko: "Wait...what are you looking way out there for? I'm right here in front of you. So look at me Now. I think I've been in this camp long enough for you to get some idea of who I am and what I'm not. So what do you see Now...? You can see that I'm no disciplinary problem -- the last write-up I got was over a year ago. I work hard at my job. I get along with those around me. I bother no one. I cause no trouble. Just last week I was approved for Educational Release and all I want now is that little baby 12 hour furlough to--"

Mr. Drop: "You've been approved by the Provisional 1/3 Special Consideration Board for Educational Release...?"

Chocko: "Yes, and--"

Mr. Drop: "Why did they approve you?"

Chocko: "What...?"

Mr. Drop: "Can you tell This Board why That Board approved you?"

Chocko: "You're kidding..."

Mr. Drop: "You mean they didn't tell you why they approved you?"

Chocko: "No...Yes--I don't know...I suppose it was because they found no reason to deny me..."

Mr. Drop: "So...and can you give This Board any reason why This Board should not deny you...?"

Chocko: "Was that the Bus to Riverside...?"

* * *

Mr. Dribble: "Mr. Chocko, you say that the last disciplinary report you received was over a year ago. What was that for?"

Chocko: "Wheww..."

Mr. Dribble: "What?"

Chocko: "It's been so long. Don't you have it right there in front of you...?"

Mr. Dribble: "Yes, but we'd like you to tell the Board."

Chocko: "It was for making home brew..."

Mr. Dribble: "...And drinking it?"

Chocko: "Of course..."

Mr. Dribble: "Were you aware, at the time, that it is against institutional rules to make any alcoholic beverages of any kind, or to have any alcohol in your possession, or to drink it?"

Chocko: "Yes, I was aware of that..."

Mr. Dribble: "And yet you went ahead and made it anyway."

Chocko: "Yes."

Mr. Dribble: "Why?"

Chocko: "To drink it...Look, that was then. What about Now? You can ask two house officers -- there isn't even a hint of me making or drinking home brew in the last year because I no longer make it and I no longer drink it..."

Mr. Dribble: "That's beside the point, Mr. Chocko. That last disciplinary report last year was only the last of several before it, if you know what I mean. What I mean is mumble mumble I see here that, with a space of only two months,you received three separate disciplinary reports for having alcohol in your possession..."

Chocko: "That was over a year ago. What about Now?"

Mr. Dribble: "Are you an alcoholic?"

Chocko: "No."

Mr. Dribble: "Then how do you account for these three separate incident reports involving alcohol within a space of about two months?"

Chocko: "I would say that it was extreme bad luck..."

Mr. Dribble: "You have no alcoholic problem?"

Chocko: "The only alcoholic problem I have is right here in this room..."

Mr. Dribble: "But you did have an alcoholic problem at one time..."

Chocko: "It seems I still do."

Mr. Dribble: "Do you go to AA meetings?"

Chocko: "No."

Mr. Dribble: "Were you ever a member of AA..."

Chocko: "No."

Mr. Dribble: "And you don't go to AA meetings now..."

Chocko: "No."

Mr. Dribble: "Why not?"

Chocko: "Because I'm not an alcoholic. Look--"

Mr. Dribble: "You say you're not an alcoholic, Mr. Chocko, and yet three times last year you were caught with alcohol..."

Chocko: "Just once more around the block, Lord..."

* * *

Mr. Farawaynow: "Mr. Chocko,what programs are you participating in here at M.C.I. Stillborn?"

Chocko: "Programs? Well, let's see...I'm in the, uhhh, UMass Program...and then there's that little program there...and that one over there..."

Mr. Farawaynow: "Are you involved in the 'Fellowship' Program?"

Chocko: "Well, I was...for awhile..."

Mr. Farawaynow: "But you're not anymore...? Why did you leave -- was there trouble?"

Chocko: "Trouble? No...no trouble. It was just that, uhhh, during the summer, you see, it was light til about eight-thirty...and I was out late working in the garden, you see -- til dark...and, well, 'Fellowship' just sort of...trailed off...you see..."

Mr. Farawaynow: "You mean working in the garden was more important to you than 'Fellowship'...?"

Chocko: "Well..."

Mr. Farawaynow: "...I see."

Mr. Drop: "Mr. Chocko, I believe you were involved in 'Counselling' at one time, were you not?"

Chocko: "Was that the Door to the Backyard...?"

* * *

Mr. Drop: "Mr. Chocko?"

Chocko: "What? Oh, yes...yes...at one time...yes..."

Mr. Drop: "Why did you stop going?"

Chocko: "Well...why did I stop going. Yes. Why did I stop going. Well, I guess because...Well, it's like this, you see..."

And Chocko Tells Them...

* * *

House Officer #1: "You want to step back inside, Chocko..."

Mr. Drop: "Mr. Chocko, the Institutional Classification and Cant-Cant Board composed of Perfect Men and seated on the Right Hand of God has very superficially discussed and carelessly considered your application for positive furlough status. After a short and very satisfying pretense at deliberation and literally dozens of important sounding grunts and groans, This Board has decided that, due to your distant and very distant PAST, you are PRESENTLY incapable of handling the enormously complicated responsibility of a 12 hour furlough. Our Decision is Arbitrary. We are Good. You may appeal your decision, of course, but you may just as well whistle in your cups. Any appeal is automatically referred back to us to evaluate and decide upon. You don't have a chance. Too bad for you. That's all. The Board will review your case again in six months..."

Chocko: "OK...Six months are up...Review me..."

Mr. Justhere: "Mr. Chocko, I see here that six months ago you were denied by the International Applesauce and Pariah Board on your application for positive furlough status. Can you tell us about that?"

Chocko: "Is this the Door to the Cellar...?"

Mr. Justhere: "...and then straight up the stairs as far as you can go...."

* * *

EDITOR'S NOTE: CHOCKO GOES.... is reprinted with the kind permission of our friends at THE GREENFIELD REVIEW, Greenfield Center, New York 12833 and is taken from THE AMERICAN MICROCOSM, where you can get more of the same by sending $5.00 American for a two-issue subscription.

TIME

Time is shared by young and old
But Time means nothing to the bold.
In our Time we see crime and disaster,
But will we see what happens after.
But Time behind these bricks and bars
Leaves nothing but madness,
sadness,
and scars.
So in this place Time is sought,
To see the people we miss a lot.
But Time is very special to me,
For I know in Time I will be free.

by reggie james

FR. BERRIGAN

i met Fr. Berrigan
who told a story of a cell
in a Washington, D.C. jail
at Christmas
   (Fr. Berrigan was in it)
as another prisoner walked by
Fr. Berrigan said, "I sure hope you can
smile today brother,"
Fr. Berrigan's Brother replied, "man, you
can't cry all the time,"

man, you can't cry all the time

© eimer c. hutchinson
(Maine)

late night horror shows
of real world nightmares
flashback to take one
scene 13/20

what ails you my son?
seem to suffer a case of being
anti-social

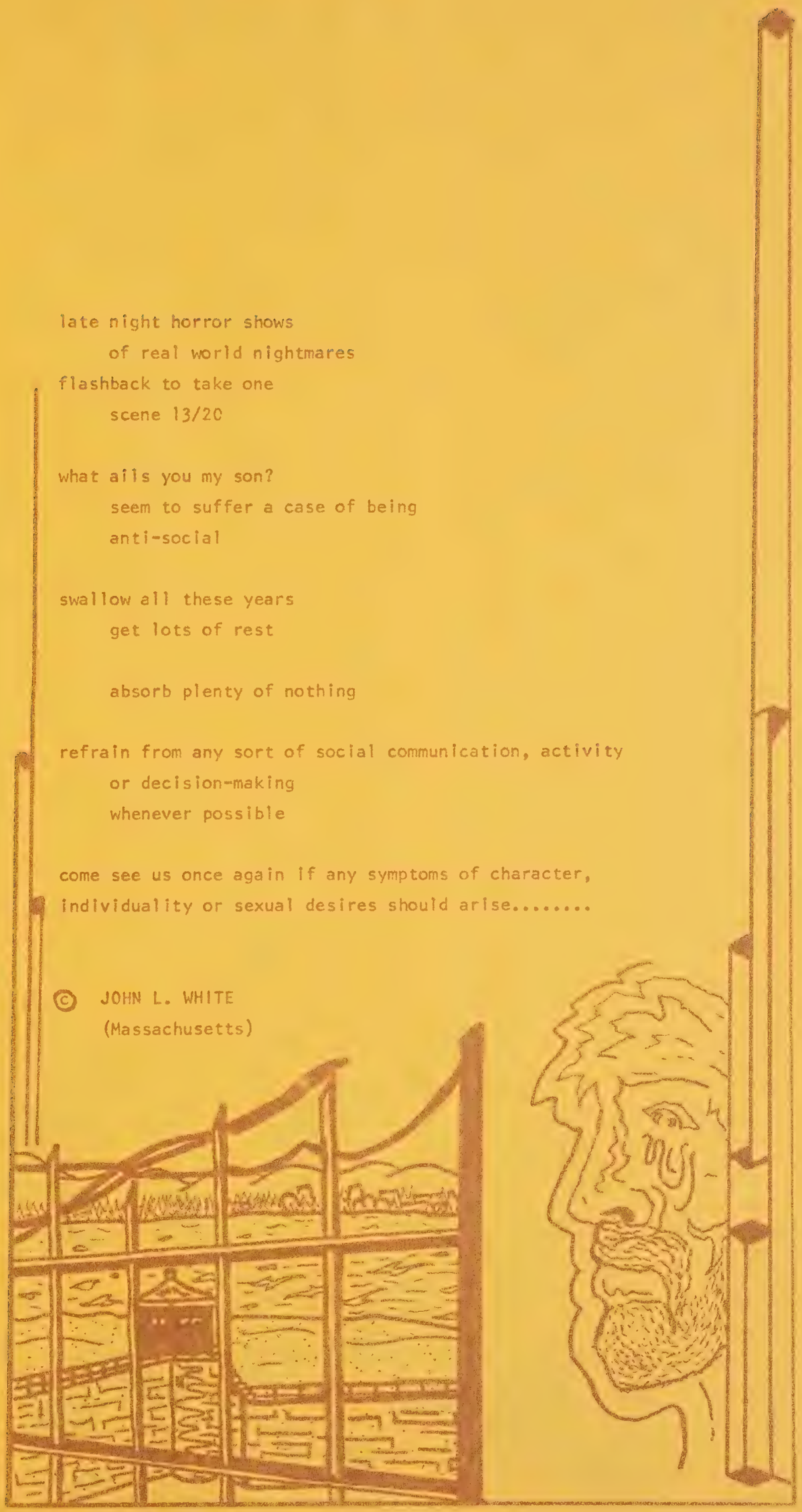
swallow all these years
get lots of rest

absorb plenty of nothing

refrain from any sort of social communication, activity
or decision-making
whenever possible

come see us once again if any symptoms of character,
individuality or sexual desires should arise.....

© JOHN L. WHITE
(Massachusetts)



CONVERSATION WITH A MAN
WHO SAID HE WAS FROM JAMAICA
OR
YOUR DAUGHTERS ARE SAFE IN GUADALAJARA
BUT THEY'LL CUT OFF YOUR ARM
FOR YOUR WATCH

"hey mon,
in new york citeh
you can send ya
10 yeah ol' dahter
to de store afta dark

you lible ta find her
reped on' ded on a roof

in guadalajara
dey won't bather ya dahter
but dey'll cutaf ya arm
fa' ya watch

everybody got dif'rent values, mon."

© Stewart Brisby
(New York)

I find it more than a coincidence that during any single year more than three percent of our non-white male population between the ages of 18 and 34 spent time in prison. I find it more than a coincidence that our highest rate of unemployment, ranging from 20 to 80 percent in various localities, is precisely in this group. I find it more than a coincidence that this is also the group that has been in a depressed social and economic status for a long period of time and that a large portion of this population has no convincing reason to believe that the American reward system available to middle-class neighborhoods applies to them.

Neither do I find it a coincidence that throughout our history, our prisons have been filled mostly with the same kind of people. Not the same races, not the same religions, not the same ethnicity. But the same social class.

In the 17th and 18th centuries our criminals were mostly poor Anglo-Saxons. At that time, I suppose one could have developed a theory that Anglo-Saxons are inherently criminal,or at least that there was something in Anglo-Saxon culture that produced a disproportionate number of criminals.

But in the late 19th and early 20th century our jails and prisons tended to be filled with poor immigrants who were not Anglo-Saxons but were German, Irish, Italian, Polish and others who at the moment were at the bottom of our social system.

In the later part of the 20th century our jails and prisons tended to be filled with the nonwhite poor, occasionally looked upon as inherently criminal by some of the grandchildren of ethnic prisoners who 100 years ago were looked upon as inherently criminal by the earlier descendants of the oppressed.

The deprivation of our poor and near-poor produce characteristics that appear in the data for our prison population. Average I.Q. of prisoners, insofar as I.Q. tells us anything, is about the same as the norm for all Americans. But 61 per cent of prisoners never finished high school and in the year before their arrest, 60 per cent made less than $115 a week.

William Nagel and Jack Schaller of the American Foundation conducted a study in 1976 which, among its many striking results, showed that the strongest correlation between crime and environmental characteristics was between crime and unemployment, and crime and urban, unstable neighborboods. They found, incidentally, that there is not a high correlation between race and crime, but there is a high correlation between race and imprisonment.

Historically and demographically the evidence strikes me as overwhelming that the causes of violent crime lie mostly in social conditions. I say "mostly" because even in the most idyllic society I suppose there will be some individuals who, for a variety of reasons, will be assaultive and dangerous to themselves and to others and will have to be restrained. Even under the best of conditions we will have some places of involuntary incarceration. They do not need to be savage but we will need them.

But if we persist in seeing crime as mainly an individualistic disease we will continue the destructive methods we now have that spread the epidemic rather than cure it.

I think that one reason we persist in prescribing the wrong medicine is that the more rational medicine is harder to take. The real solutions to crime and violence are so profound that there are not many people in society, let alone the criminal justice system, who are willing to face them. The root causes are now so built into the contemporary fabric of our society that it is easier to peddle the political snake oil of quick doses. We have structural poverty and gross inequities based on class and race. We have this in the midst of a rich society that values materialism to such a degree that the possession of goods is almost a religion, a religion whose rituals are impressed on every citizen from infancy by that universal communion of our time, commercial television.

We are a violent society, the most violent society in the industrial world. Violence in the United States is a commercial, profit-making commodity. Our mass media, notably television, pumps out a message of sex and violence by the hour to the entire society, not out of

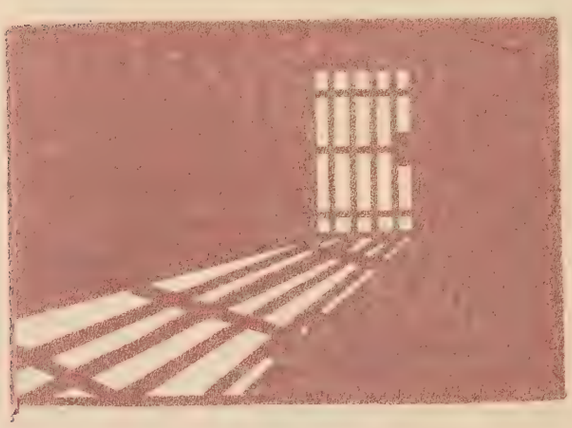
any conspiracy to brutalize each new generation, but because it sells national goods and makes money for its corporate promoters.

We are a society that glorifies national and personal weapons. We no longer have just shouted arguments or fist fights between angry individuals but shootouts. We have elevated guns to the status of religious objects, worshipped in their possession and in bumper stickers. We kill our presidents, our national leaders and ourselves and though the polls show that a majority of Americans want gun control the effect of commercially supported lobbies has so corrupted the legislative process that legislators confess that if they vote for gun control they risk political survival.

We have an ugly combination of a rich materialistic society with a semi-permanent embittered underclass, a society that promotes violence in its most effective popular communication, and that worships weapons.

So we have crime that increasingly has overtones of class warfare. I do not mean that the individual robber or rapist consciously acts out of some ideological motive. It is worse than that. Many of our citizens grow up in special sections of our country with savage neighborhoods, abandoned housing, wretched schooling, and massive unemployment, all of it sustained for so long a period that a proportion of the children of this underclass, white and nonwhite, have a culture that is at odds with the affluent segments of their society.

This is a profound illness in our society and the cause of most of our crime. It is so profound and so difficult that few people are willing to face it or to admit that whatever we might do with the machinery of criminal justice -- increase the number of police, appoint more prosecutors and judges, build more jails and prisons, and kill more prisoners -- that no matter how much we do this, we will never materially affect the incidence of violence and crime in our society.



Queen Elizabeth in 16th century England tried to end vagrancy by hanging men in groups of 300 and 400 but it did not stop vagrancy because vagrancy was the product of poverty and upheaval. Henry the Eighth tried to bring civil peace to his kingdom by hanging 72,000 men and women but this did not bring civil peace. When England industrialized textiles there were riots, robberies and murders that did not stop until the society treated workers more humanely in their daily lives.

There is another irony in the delusion of toughness that permeates the issue of prisons and punishment. We are being asked to lengthen sentences and build more prisons. The fact is that the cost in dollars, let alone in social violence, does not make sense, regardless of the causes of crime.

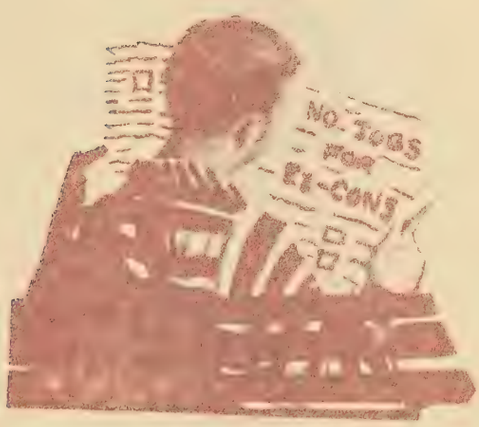
Let me, with apologies, use a personal example of the irrationality of our continuing to spend money for prisons. For several years I was involved as a journalist with criminals and prisons. I wrote a book about an unusual strike in a federal prison and in the process reconstructed the lives of eight of the most important prisoners in that strike. I will not recount how clear it became that their childhood experiences almost ordained their subsequent criminal careers. But let me give you some figures. These figures are consistent with studies that show the cost of imprisonment of career criminals. First-time imprisonment, we know, has a 60 percent probability of producing a subsequent criminal career. The eight men whose lives I studied ranged in age from 23 to 42, with an average age of 29. At that time, they had spent an average of 12 years in jails and prisons. They were federal prisoners, so their sentences were somewhat longer than the average for most states, but most of their incarceration had been in state prisons and juvenile halls. And some of them are still in prison, so the average of 12 years of incarceration as of 1975 is conservative for their total careers.

The most recent systematic study of the cost of incarceration that I know of was done by the accounting firm of Coopers & Lybrand in New York City for the National Council on Crime and Delinquency. Their study, issued in January of this year, showed that the real direct costs of keeping a person in prison for one year is $26,000. This was a detailed, realistic study by an accounting firm not known for its

radical social philosophy. It measured direct out-of-pocket costs, that is money spent on the system of incarceration per prisoner. If it added societal costs, that is, additional welfare and lost earnings and taxes because the prisoner was incarcerated, this added $14,000 a year. Or a total of $40,000 a year in money lost to society for each person imprisoned for a year.

Let me take the average time spent incarcerated for the eight prisoners I know best, and whose careers are not radically different from those in more systematic studies. Their direct incarceration costs, if at this year's rates, would, during their careers, have cost $312,000.

If societal costs were added for the added welfare their families received and earnings they did not make and taxes they did not pay because of being imprisoned, each man cost society a total of $480,000 for the average of 12 years of incarceration.



The men began their incarceration in the past, when costs were lower. But our present convicts, as we know from the rising graph of length of sentences will spend even more time in prison. And the costs from now on will be higher than it is this year. Coopers & Lybrand said their calculation is that at a 6 percent inflation rate, in 40 years it will cost $225,000 a year to keep one person in prison.

Let us take only the direct costs of imprisonment. When each of the eight men I studied was first arrested --for stealing a car, for robbing a store, for delinquency, for fighting --society was faced with a question which really tough-minded people must confront. At this point of first conviction and imprisonment we can say with some confidence:

Before society is through incarcerating this person, society will pay in his lifetime more than $300,000 in direct costs in jail and imprisonment. I ask the tough guys in criminal justice: if on the first offence society knows it will ultimately spend more than $300,000 on this person, is there a better way to spend $300,000 than keeping him in a cage? Is there a better way to protect society, to make our streets safe, to produce a more civilized relationship among us, for a cost of more than $300,000 per prisoner?

The answer of the tough guys is to build more prisons and keep more men, women and children in them. The latest bids on building prisons range between $45,000 and $50,000 a bed. Governor Brown says he wants to spend $100 million in new prison (Canada is spending 500 million) construction in California alone -- while we are cancelling classes for lack of funds.

How tough-minded we are when we are willing to spend $50,000 a bed for construction of steel and concrete cages to keep men, women and children incarcerated, in a process that, before they have ended their criminal careers will cost more than $300,000 per person and more than half a million in total loss to society?

The side effects of failure to face the real causes of crime and rational responses to it, like the side-effects of dangerous and ineffective medicine, damage our whole society.

Fear of crime is being used to promote anti-social policies and conservative economics. The extreme conservatives of the United States have decided to use preservation of the family as its instrument for mobilizing votes. We have in California the move to harass homosexuals, and nationwide use of these issues for other goals. At a time when private sector profits are higher than ever, when relief from taxes is designed for the most affluent, when unemployment is rising, we have a steady deterioration of public services, we starve our public education, we continue neighborhoods of wretched housing at exhorbitant costs. We are a wealthy nation that does not assure each citizen a decent home, decent health care, a decent education & useful jobs for everyone who wants one. In basic needs there is no such thing as "benign neglect." If we really believed in preservation of family and basic domestic tranquility and

the resurgence of humanistic values in our society we would pay attention to these massive wounds that are being inflicted on progressively larger segments of our population.

There are some interesting data on crime and conservatism. Nagel and Schaller in their study related states on a liberal to conservative scale to see whether tough, conservative policies were in any way related to crime. They rated political leaders of each state on the basis of ratings by the Americans for Democratic Action, a liberal group that rates politicians, and by Americans for Constitutional Action, a conservative group that does the same thing. Nagel and Schaller found that supposedly "idyllic" states such as Washington, Oregon, Colorado, Florida, Hawaii and Arizona have higher reported crimes than such supposedly crime-ridden states as Illinois, New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

So if the tough guys think that more humanistic alternatives to present crime-and-punishment policies is liberal soft-headedness, the data show the reverse. The tough, conservative states have more crime than those considered politically liberal.

And what does this have to do with crime and punishment?

We know that we will spend hundreds of thousands of dollars on each imprisoned criminal before that person ends his or her career of crime. We know that if we do not reverse this career at the start, that the odds get progressively worse until that person reaches middle age or dies.

We know that two factors stand out in preventing recurrence of crime in a convicted person. One is a stable personal relationship of trust that is family-like though not necessarily in a blood relationship. The other is a good job.

Can this be done for $300,000 per person? The stable relationship of trust cannot be bought. But it can be encouraged and supported by serious social policy. In some countries volunteers, carefully selected and oriented, assume personal responsibility for each released prisoner. In Sweden this is a substitute for professional parole officers. It is not perfect but it works better than our system.

But with $300,000 we could certtainly buy a better future for the released prisoner. We know what the released prisoner needs. We know from the statistics on the characteristics of released prisoners that most of them had incredibly bad education in wretched schools. So they need intense education. We know that most of them had problems of physical or emotional health. So they need good care in the free world. We know that most of them had no marketable work skills for jobs with a future. So for $300,000 we can easily train them for those jobs needed in our society.

But if we did this, if we used a portion of imprisonment money to do for the prisoner what is needed for a fulfilling, decent life, we would have a serious political problem. The political problem would be that we would find ourselves doing for the person convicted of serious crime what we fail to do for millions of people who never commit crimes. We would be providing for the criminal good housing, good health care, good education, and a good job. And a natural question would arise, undoubtedly egged on by the tough guy in politics: why should we do this for the law-breaker when we don't

do it for people who abide by the law? It is a perfectly reasonable answer: do it for everybody and prevent most crime at its source, and in the end produce a more humane society.

The humanistic qualities that would prevent crime cannot be relegated to a few museum-like displays at churches, institutions and small isolated groups. They have to be translated into the structure of society itself, in our media-promoted values, in our laws, social policy and programs. As a people we tolerate millions of miserably housed

people in savage neighborhoods at a time when we have millions of people who need jobs to build decent homes in decent neighborhoods. We let our children be educated in starved and frozen schools while we spend billions on marginal private goods. Preaching sweetness and light unrelated to social policy changes nothing.

And we continue to punish with savagery and inequality.

The death sentence, for example, is irrational. It is irrational because there is no evidence that it deters murder and evidence that it does not. It is irrational because murder is less class-correlated than most crimes because most killing is done in fits of rage. Middle-class people do not often rob gas stations or steal cars but they do occasionally kill their mates, lovers and seducers and they commit rape. But when was the last time you heard of the state killing a middle-class murderer or rapist? Death row is filled with the same kind of people that fill our prisons --the poor, the uneducated, and a disproportionate number of non-white.

Savagery committed by the state, whether in official murder or in morbid persons, confers legitimacy on savagery throughout society. If it is savagery contrary to even the most cold blooded, problem-solving strategy, then it is savagery that also stimulates irrationality in all public policy. If being soft on crime means pursuing these policies, then it is the agitators for the notion of lock-em-up-and-throw-away-the-key and for prison building, and for the death sentence who are soft on crime.

I do not believe that the prime measure of social policy should be whether it makes a money profit for someone. But for those who put a prime value on money profit, the present policies of treating crime are irrational. For those who claim it is directed at making society a safer place, it is in contradiction to all the available evidence.

I have talked about what I think is wrong and about the need for profound changes in society in order to reduce crime and violence. But I do not want to leave with the idea that there is nothing we can do right away.

We know that big prisons are graduate schools for savagery. They are expensive, unwieldy and destructive. For criminals who are physically dangerous, we need small institutions in the range of 50 to 100 inmates -- cheaper to build and maintain per inmate than big prisons.

For non-assaultive law-breakers, we need community-based programs that keep the person in the outside world as much as possible, but with intense, personal help to solve problems of education, job skills, personal loneliness and isolation. This costs far less than imprisonment and does more good.

For the criminal justice system we need to eliminate from our law books victimless acts that now account for one-third of all arrests. These are acts that individuals impose on themselves voluntarily but that do not harm others. Those acts that are personally destructive and that the individual wishes to end, like alcoholism or drug addiction, should be medical and social problems, not criminal ones.

For the remainder, the criminal justice system would then be able to deliver more fair and certain justice. And instead of lengthening prison terms we should shorten them. Instead of keeping prisoners in artificial, dehumanizing environments, we should spend some of that time and money helping him cope with a natural, humanistic environment.

There are immediate, practical decisions to make in crime and punishment. They should be adopted for rational reasons of truly protecting society but without deluding ourselves that we can ever contain the rate of crime until we attack its roots in the structure and values of a society that tolerates gross social and ecomic inequity.

In a sense, we are in the position of the physicians at Mount Vernon except that now we have reason to know better. Blood-letting has been tried and found wanting. It's time to dispense with the leeches.

SPORT SECTION

THE BASKETBALL & BALL HOCKEY SEASONS have come to a close, and I'm sure all fans will agree that both sports finished in fine fashion.

Due to the BASKETBALL records having been misplaced, a detailed report is not possible; but, I will relay the events leading up to and including the final outcome to you.

RON MORRISON'S team met MALCOLM LYNCH'S team in the semi-finals, and after a long, hard series, LYNCH's team, playing the role of the underdog, was hailed as victors.

In the other semi-final series, JOEY DEON'S team met REGGIE JAMES' team, with DEON'S squad having little difficulty in quickly eliminating JAMES' guys.

SPRINGHILL INSTITUTION
BASKETBALL FINALS

DEON V.S. LYNCH: MALCOLM LYNCH'S squad proved to be too much for JOE DEON'S team as they captured the final game of the play-offs 57-40, copping the BASKETBALL title. The sharp-shooting of J.B. DAVIS and strong rebounding and smooth playmaking of GARY MEADER and DENNY STATES were vital ingredients in the final victory. The CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM MEMBERS WERE: MALCOLM LYNCH, J.B. DAVIS, GARY MEADER, DENNY STATES, MURRAY CRUICKSHANKS, CHICO WOODEN, IAN McCONNELL and DANNY WORTH.

BALL HOCKEY: The final standings in BALL HOCKEY regular season play showed that UNIT NINE and UNIT TEN would compete in one semi-final series and UNIT EIGHT would battle UNIT ELEVEN in the other.

UNIT ELEVEN wasted no time in insuring themselves a spot in the finals, by sweeping two straight games from UNIT EIGHT to capture the best of three series by scores of 8 to 2 and 4 to 3. It took an overtime goal by BRIAN SOCK at the four minute mark of the period in the final game to give NUMBER ELEVEN victory.

UNIT TEN took advantage of a weakened NUMBER NINE team to win their series in two straight games, by scores of 13 to 3 and 9 to 2.

The results of the semi-finals showed that the defending champs, UNIT ELEVEN, would meet UNIT TEN in the finals, and the general consensus was that UNIT ELEVEN was too talented for the NUMBER TEN squad and would soon rise to victory. UNIT TEN was weakened for the playoffs by the loss of PAT SMITH but were quickly bailed out of a serious problem when GLEN THOMPSON decided to come out of retirement to mind the nets. The transfer of ART KLINGER and JOHN LaQUANT to UNIT TEN also helped in strengthening their team.

Game one in the best of seven series proved to defend most people's beliefs as NUMBER ELEVEN defeated NUMBER TEN 8 to 3. RAY MICHAUD led the NUMBER ELEVEN attack with three goals and one assist.

In game two hard work and dedication proved profitable as NUMBER TEN rebounded to tie the series by winning 8 to 2. MIKE MOORE led the NUMBER TEN squad with four goals.

Game three was a questioned starter as NUMBER ELEVEN protested the use of certain NUMBER TEN players, but after some conference, the protest was lifted and the game was played. Two-goal performances by GERRY JOSEPH, KELLY LEGUE and HEDLEY AVERY, and a single by MEL REDDICK took care of NUMBER TEN'S scoring as they took a 2 to 1 lead in the series by winning 7 to 1.

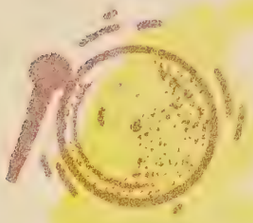
Game four was a nightmare for the NUMBER ELEVEN team as they were defeated 11 to 1. GERRY JOSEPH led the NUMBER TEN attack with three goals. JOHN LaQUANT, MEL REDDICK and HEDLEY AVERY chipped in with 2 apiece to aid in the win.

UNIT ELEVEN conceded game five, giving NUMBER TEN the championship and the right to reign as BALL HOCKEY CHAMPIONS FOR THE 78/79 SEASON.

In the next issue we'll have a look at the institution Softball leagues and their progress.

Remember; if you can't . . . .

BOXERS RETURN



by bob eby

DING!!! ROUND ONE BETWEEN 67 POUND MIKE JEWERS AND 70 POUNDER ANDY WISWELL erupted into a flurry of well-schooled jabs and overhand rights;stick, stick, right...stick, stick, right... with MIKE JEWERS taking an edge right from the opening bell. ANDY WISWELL, although a couple or three inches shorter in height, gave up nothing in heart, and fought with courage and real talent -- laying down a pattern,a standard of excellence, for the nine bouts that followed, in this the SECOND ANNUAL AMATEUR BOXING TOURNAMENT put on by the Recreation Department at this medium-security prison on Saturday, April the 21st.

The gymnasium hummed with the life that youngsters carry with them... energy bubbling up, looking for a place to make something happen. And, happen, it did... they took over the room, twenty-five or thirty of them, climbing over everything that's nailed down and a few people who looked like they should be.

The boys came from amateur boxing clubs in Lower Sackville, DOWNSVIEW AMATEUR BOXING CLUB and ROUND THREE A.B.C.; Dartmouth, DARTMOUTH RECREATION A.B.C.; Halifax, RING '74 A.B.C. and CITADEL A.B.C.; Saint John, GOLDEN GLOVES A.B.C.; Moncton, WEST SIDE A.B.C.; Charlottetown, P.E.I., RINGSIDE A.B.C.; and Springhill, N.S., SPRINGHILL AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

There were brought to us by their trainers and coaches: to name only the Head Coaches, people like the 83 year veteran Boxing Hall of Famer, VINCE HENNEBURY, of RING '74; BRIAN BAKER of ROUND THREE; LEN SHAW of DARTMOUTH RECREATIONAL; HAROLD BOULTER of RINGSIDE; RALPH THOMAS of GOLDEN GLOVES; ALBERT KNAPPER of WEST SIDE; MIKE SUPPLE of the CITADEL CLUB; TED COLDWELL of SPRINGHILL A.B.C.; and BOBBY MARTIN of DOWNSVIEW A.B.C. give of their time, energy and money to keep their respective clubs going, giving the boys a place to find an identity for themselves, a place where they can gain the confidence a youngster needs to develop into a healthy and well-rounded individual, someone who can take care of himself.

Head Coach at the DOWNSVIEW A.B.C., BOBBY MARTIN, told me that his club -- just one example among many -- is perpetually in need of money to keep their club going. They receive very little direct federal funding, and although they get some funds from organizations like SPORT NOVA SCOTIA, the KINSMEN and other service-type groups, they are in need of financial support from individual sources. All of the clubs, I am told, support themselves by putting on boxing exhibitions, but it is an uphill battle to keep the dollars coming in to buy equipment and pay the overhead that clubs of this kind need. BOBBY MARTIN told me that his club put on a card to raise money at the HALIFAX METRO CENTRE not so long ago. They were only charging a couple of dollars a seat, but still only got about one-hundred-and-fifty paying customers -- and it had been advertised that the event was to raise money for the kids!

His club caters to about forty boys, ranging in age from 10 to 24 years, with an average being 14 years of age. The boys are mostly from working-class families, with some already having troubles with the various authorities they come into contact with in their daily lives. He says that with only $10,000 a year to pay for the club's overhead and travelling expenses, he and his three coaches can give the boys help in dealing with the adversities in their lives. While talking with BOBBY I couldn't help thinking that the powers that be and the community should get it together and spend more money on this type of community project, thereby avoiding having to spend it later on when the boy gets into hassles with the law, because he hasn't learned to develop a sense of community, giving him a place where he feels he belongs.

The third round of a well-fought bout of the day ended with MIKE JEWERS winning a unanimous decision over the ballsy ANDY WISWELL. Both of these boys put on a good display of boxing skills and I expect to hear good things from both of them later on in their careers.

DING!!! Round one of the second bout, between 72 pound RICHY BOULTER of

Charlottetown's RINGSIDE A.B.C. and the DOWNSVIEW A.B.C.'s 67 pounder, RAY WISWELL, opened with a flash of leather flying both ways. RICHY BOULTER out-weighed his opponent by five pounds and was two to three inches taller, giving him a longer reach; but, that didn't stop the 67 pounds of dynamite that RAY WISWELL is from doing his thing. He gave BOULTER a good fight. So good that BOULTER had to be cautioned twice about carrying his head too low. RAY WISWELL was beaten by RICHY BOULTER in a split decision -- a decision that could have gone either way, and one both boys had reason to be proud of.

A fellow sitting beside me in the stands, along with over three-hundred-and-sixty other guys that turned out for the card, commented upon how well cared for the boys were: The trainers were extremely careful with each of their charges, making sure mouthpieces were in place to protect teeth, that laces on gloves were properly taped down to avoid damaging an opponent's eyes and body with scrapes, that each boy's headgear was adjusted properly to absorb the shock that the 10 ounce gloves contain when fired off by a youngster who knows how to do it. And, backing up the coaches and handlers was DOCTOR JOHN PRENTICE who gave each fighter a physical before clearing him to fight, and remained at ringside ensuring immediate medical assistance if needed. There were many pats on the head and smacks on the bum signifying a "well done" or "don't let it bother you, you did fine." The camaraderie between the boys and their coaches brought an atmosphere to the gymnasium that Saturday afternoon that was pleasing to behold; something we hope to witness again, soon.

The third bout of the afternoon brought Halifax's 94 pound TROY VAN TASSLE of the CITADEL A.B.C. into the ring with Saint John's TOMMY YOUNG. YOUNG was the aggressor right from the opening bell. He stood taller than TROY VAN TASSLE and took advantage of his height by continually throwing out his jab, sticking TROY with his left hand but hitting equally as well with both hands. VAN TASSLE fought back as best he could but TOMMY YOUNG was just too strong for him. It wasn't as obvious as it might have been as to just how courageous young TROY VAN TASSLE was --that only became evident at the opening bell of the third round. It must have happened sometime during the second round, but TROY finished the round without saying a word, and without backing off one inch. VAN TASSLE was unable to come out for the third round, and the x-rays showed that he had broken his thumb. The fight was a T.K.O. for the skilled TOMMY YOUNG -- one of Saint John's up-and-coming best.

DING!!! TERRY RUSHTON, 72 pounds and from Springhill, came charging across the ring, attacking DOWNSVIEW'S BOBBY SPERRY with both hands swinging. RUSHTON won a unanimous decision over his opponent, winning it in the first two rounds of the fight. The boy from DOWNSVIEW, BOBBY SPERRY found himself in with a more experienced and taller fighter than he was ready for -- although, he sure as hell didn't indicate that he felt that way from the way he fought back in the third round.

At 80 pounds, LARRY BOULTER stepped out for the first round of the fifth bout of the afternoon and was immediately confronted by 85 pound RICKY JOHNSTON from Dartmouth. JOHNSTON kept bringing the fight to LARRY BOULTER, and it was only BOULTER'S excellent counter-punching and fast hands that kept him out of trouble. JOHNSTON threw a number of good right hand leads that would have slowed down a lesser fighter than BOULTER, but they weren't enough to overcome the lead that Charlottetown's, LARRY BOULTER stacked up as the fight progressed into the final seconds of the third round. By the end of the third, the quickness of BOULTER'S hands was telling its tale, and JOHNSTON was having trouble staying in with the smaller but more skilled and experienced Prince Edward Islander. It was a unanimous decision, awarding the fight to LARRY BOULTER.

As with any event the magnitude of this Amateur Boxing Tournament, someone had to do the leg-work and organizing -- getting everything to fit, interlocking the various departments involved, and trying to ensure a condusive atmosphere for healthy competition, good entertainment, and a worthwhile endeavour. The organizing outside the institution was done by Mr. TED COLDWELL of the SPRINGHILL AMATEUR BOXING CLUB. MR. COLDWELL is the Regional Coordinator for the NOVA SCOTIA BRANCH of the CANADIAN AMATEUR BOXING ASSOCIATION, and in his capacity with that organization, contacted the dozens of outside people who contributed to making the boxing tournament the success it was. We had sixty-four men and boys from the outside participating in our tournament, and one very conspicuous and hard-working Lady.

The idea for the tournament came out of the RECREATION DEPARTMENT here. EARL LEES and his staff worked hard,coordinating the various inter-institutional departments, ensuring the kind of cooperation needed to handle an event this size in a medium-security prison. The Inmate Committee, through the Welfare Fund, provided part of the funds to help with transportation costs; the Administration for their support in expediting procedural measures; Security for their professional handling of the affair; and the Inmate Recreational Gang for setting up the portable ring and preparing the gym all deserve credit via unanimous decision for a job well done.

And while talking about recognition and credits deserved, the tournament itself was a recognized function -- the boys who fought were fighting for real; their records were at stake, with wins and losses showing up in their amateur ranking with the NOVA SCOTIA and CANADIAN AMATEUR BOXING ASSOCIATIONS. Which explains the seriousness with which these young fellows took one another to task.

DING!!! Round one of the sixth three round bout opened with BOB KWAUSKOWSKI at 76 pounds from the ROUND THREE CLUB rushing out to meet 70 pound FRAN MAILLAIS of Moncton. When they came together in the center of the ring, it was leather flying every which way -- "every which way but loose" someone was heard to say -- and both boys went at one another in classic style. FRAN MAILLAIS, the smaller of the two fighters, was also considerably faster with his hands and counter-punching than was BOB KWAUSKOWSKI; but KWAUSKOWSKI was the heavier hitter. At one point in the second round, MAILLAIS cornered his man and pummelled him for a good 20 seconds, only to have the heavier punching KWAUSKOWSKI chase him back across the ring. It was at this point in the fight that both learned respect for one another's talents. MAILLAIS continued to make his man miss a lot of punches but the bigger fellow, KWAUSKOWSKI, wasn't to be deterred, and he kept moving in, looking for opportunities to plant the elusive MAILLAIS with some point-scoring shots. The fight ended in a lot of clapping and shouts of encouragement to the two young gladiators in the ring.

And then... "THE WINNER BY A SPLIT DECISION... FROM MONCTON, NEW BRUNSWICK... BOB KWAUSKOWSKI!"

Bout number seven brought MIKE SUPPLE of Halifax, at 112 pounds, into the ring to meet, SCOTT SALTER of ROUND THREE, at 103 pounds. Both of these fighters are south-paws, and both fought very courageous fights. SALTER, giving up nine pounds in body weight had to pay for it by being hit by heavier blows than he could throw at his opponent. It was obvious that MIKE SUPPLE has had more experience than the smaller SALTER, although one couldn't fault SALTER for the degree of jam he demonstrated in standing up and fighting back with everything he had. Both boys threw good, straight punches, sticking and slipping, sticking and slipping, all the time moving into their opponent, looking for openings, looking to score the needed points. Both boy's trainers had to work hard to take care of bloody noses that came from the kinds of punches these talented youngsters were throwing. The final outcome wasn't much of a surprise... MIKE SUPPLE won a unanimous decision.

Bout number eight brought another ROUND THREE fighter into the ring,with 120 pound MIKE HAMBY stepping through the ropes to meet Halifax's, 123 pounder, AL DUNCAN. DUNCAN came out hungry right from the sounding of the bell; a stronger, more aggressive, heavier puncher, he had little trouble making his mark on the boy from ROUND THREE. MIKE HAMBY, hung in though, and gave his stronger opponent a good and courageous fight. He had to take on a bloody nose for his troubles but he only lost by a split decision,with the judges scoring in favour of AL DUNCAN -- a very professional looking fighter, indeed.

One of the more exciting fights of the card came in the ninth bout of the afternoon. Saint John's FRANK SIGNER at 93 pounds came looking for a fight, when he stepped into the ring with DWAYNE LAVIOLETTE, the 93 pounder from Lower Sackville. It was a pretty even fight, with SIGNER carrying a slight edge in style and effectiveness. He seemed the more experienced of the two, but one thing for sure is that DWAYNE LAVIOLETTE came to prove differently. They stood toe-to-toe at the opening bell of the third round and both boys fought hard right down to the finish. The judges ruled it a split decision in favour of Saint John's FRANK SIGNER.

Another of the things that impressed me about the handling of the tournament was the quality of refereeing that went on. Both BILL ARSENAULT and TED COLDWELL did fine jobs, calling it fairly, and making sure none of the boys was caused avoidable permanent injury.

The quality of judging was also very high and the four judges, ALLISON VAN SNICK, JOHN MacARTHUR, KEITH ROBERTSON and GERALD McCORMICK, with the help of time-keepers RON JEFFERSON and our own DANNY WORTH helped make the tournament a big success.

"IN THIS CORNER, WEIGHING ONE-HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-FOUR POUNDS, FROM SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, BATTLING... EDDY BLANCHARD...."

"AND, FOR THE FINAL BOUT OF THE AFTERNOON, IN THE RED CORNER, WEIGHING ONE-HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-TWO POUNDS, FROM THE ROUND THREE CLUB AT LOWER SACKVILLE, NOVA SCOTIA... BOBBY MILLER...."

DING!!! Round one of the tenth and final bout of the afternoon got underway with EDDY BLANCHARD of Saint John coming out stronger and showing more experience than his opponent, BOBBY MILLER. Both fighters fought hard for the first two rounds of the bout, with BLANCHARD having an edge over his opponent. BLANCHARD was more aggressive but his strength found its match in the courage displayed by MILLER. The third round seemed more evenly balanced to me, with BOBBY MILLER seeming to catch his stride and matching up more evenly with his opponent's prowess. And, in spite of MILLER'S having to be given two standing eight counts earlier in the fight (Amateur Boxing's way of avoiding injury to its young charges), the judges ruled the fight a win by split decision, with the honours going to EDDY BLANCHARD over the courageous and late-starting, BOBBY MILLER.

The fighters and handlers, organizers of the tournament, and friends of amateur boxing in the Maritimes all got a good healthy round of applause from the three-hundred-and-sixty-some spectators. It was ten bouts of good clean sport, boxing at its best, by twenty fine young athletes, backed up by the dozens of supporters and friends of a sport for young people that deserves the continued financial backing and moral support of the communities the clubs are situated in.

One of the people leaving the gym after the card made a comment I found interesting. He said, "I wish we could get this kind of reception and cooperation from all our audiences; these guys are great to perform for."

And, on that note, let's hear it for boxing, for the kids, and for good times....

EDITOR'S NOTE: When asked how come BOB EDGETT and his club weren't participating in the tournament, EARL LEES explained, "A mistake was made, an oversight on somebody's part, and I'm going to have to apologize to Bob...."

Everything For The Athlete

ADIDAS: running shoes, warm up suits, & t-shirts

WEIDER: equipment & sweat belts

T-Shirts: all colours

Jackets - Sweatshirts

Amherst Bicycle Clinic

QUALITY BICYCLES & SPORTING GOODS

"Sales & Service"

Telephone 667-7346
82(A) Church Street
Amherst, Nova Scotia

EDITORIAL CONTINUED...

HERE WE GO... THE 1979-1980 BUDget for the Corrections Services of Canada is $338 million. Another $33 million goes to keep the Parole Board and the Parole Service in business for another fiscal year. They supervise roughly 6,000 people serving their sentences on Mandatory Supervision, Day Parole and ordinary parole as of September 30th, 1978.

There were roughly 9,300 federal prisoners in Canadian penitentiaries as of May 7th, 1979, and of these men and women, boys and girls, about 2100 committed straightforward property crimes, getting them at least 2 years in the pen. It is estimated that 70% of these property violators stole or caused damage to property valued at less than $300 apiece.

Now... I'm not much on mathematics, so bear with me a moment -- let's see... 70 per cent of 2100 equals 1470 people in for less than $300 each... 1470 times (at the most) $300 equals $441,000 total loss to society. Okeh... since almost everyone serving a penitentiary sentence is doing at least 2 years, it follows that each of these non-violent property violators is serving at least one year for every (at the most) $150 stolen or damaged -- another way of saying that 1470 people are serving at least one year each for having collectively stolen or damaged $220,500. Which translates into the fact that Canadian taxpayers are paying roughly $38,000 this year to keep each of these people behind bars for having stolen or damaged at the most $150.00 -- but, that's not the joke I had in mind: we were talking about sandwiches... remember.

It is a fact that the Solicitor General's department paid out $1,600,000 (The Kingston Whig/Standard, Nov. 24, 1978) in free lunches to its staff for the fiscal year of 1977-78 -- which means that lunches alone for staff cost the taxpayer more than 7 times what about 1500 prisoners actually damaged or stole, and though I don't begrudge anyone a few sandwiches (inferior ones at that), I ask you; who's getting the free lunch?

That's what I mean... we have a perspective that deserves to be heard, and we care enough to talk about it. To educate is our aim (and that means both prisoners and freemen), and though we might anger you from time to time, or make you laugh, or sometimes even bore you, our expressed intent is to help make things better for you, for me, and for all those folks who sometimes forget they aren't always right.

CLASSIFIED SECTION

$ | $

CLASSIFIED ADS cost $2.00 for the first 10 words, and 10 cents for each additional word. Prisoners and people giving something away to others will be run FREE for 3 issues.

THE SUN "looks good and says good things." (CoEvolution Quarterly) "A beautiful spiritual quality without the jargon and trappings of most 'spiritual' journals." (Rain Magazine) Published monthly in CHAPEL HILL, N.C., THE SUN is an exquisite blend of essays, poetry, photographs, humour, and the gentle inspiration we all sometimes need. Send $6 for an introductory half-year subscription, to THE SUN, 412 W. Rosemary Street, CHAPEL HILL, N. C. 27514. Or contribute something; all we require is that your work make sense, and enrich the space we share.

ANYONE LOOKING FOR A JOB ON THE OUTSIDE and who is interested in running a FREE AD in this space should contact the COMMUNICATOR staff about particulars.

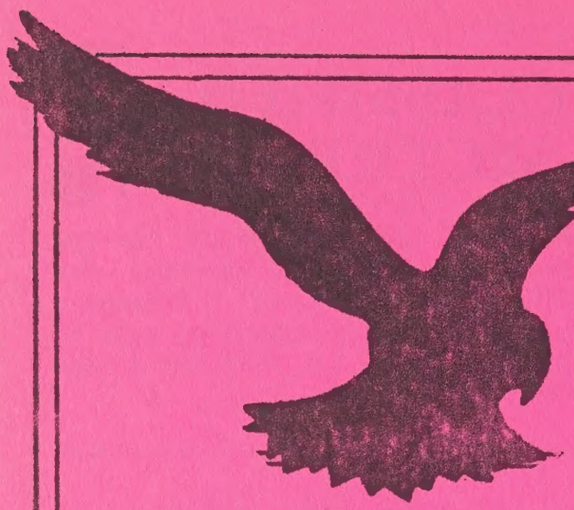
---

the COMMUNICATOR is interested in receiving poems, essays, letters, and short stories (up to 2,000 words) that deal, not just with prisons and being jailed, but with an eclectic range of interests. We have no money, so we show our appreciation by treating an author's work with respect and sending out a contributor's gift subscription.

We prefer that you send us a copy of your work that you don't need returned; this is a prison and the mails sometimes are difficult to deal with. Please send care of the editor.

ANYONE WHO HAS A JOB TO OFFER A PRISONER once he is released can have this space FREE for an ad.

ANYONE WHO WOULD LIKE TO HAVE SOMEONE TO WRITE can have this space FREE for the asking. Contact the COMMUNICATOR staff.



THE COMMUNICATOR

P.O. BOX 2140, SPRINGHILL, NOVA SCOTIA
B0M 1X0

Springhill Prisoners are entitled to a free copy upon request.

Mailed outside, One year (6 Issues)	$6.00
Mailed to other prisoners:	$4.00
Delivery in Institution to Staff:	$5.00

Second Class Mail
Registration Nº 3704

POSTAGE PAID AT SPRINGHILL, N.S., CANADA

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED